THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

The Homes of the Free

First of a series on the women who have crept out from the shadow of slavery

Rossa B. Cooley

The Humanizing of Knowledge — *James Harvey Robinson*
Under the Black Shirt — *Francis Hackett*
Tulsa — *Herbert Feis*
In Full Boom — *McAlister Coleman*
Fish! Fish! — *William Akers*
The Life Song of the People — *Portrayed by Jerome Myers*

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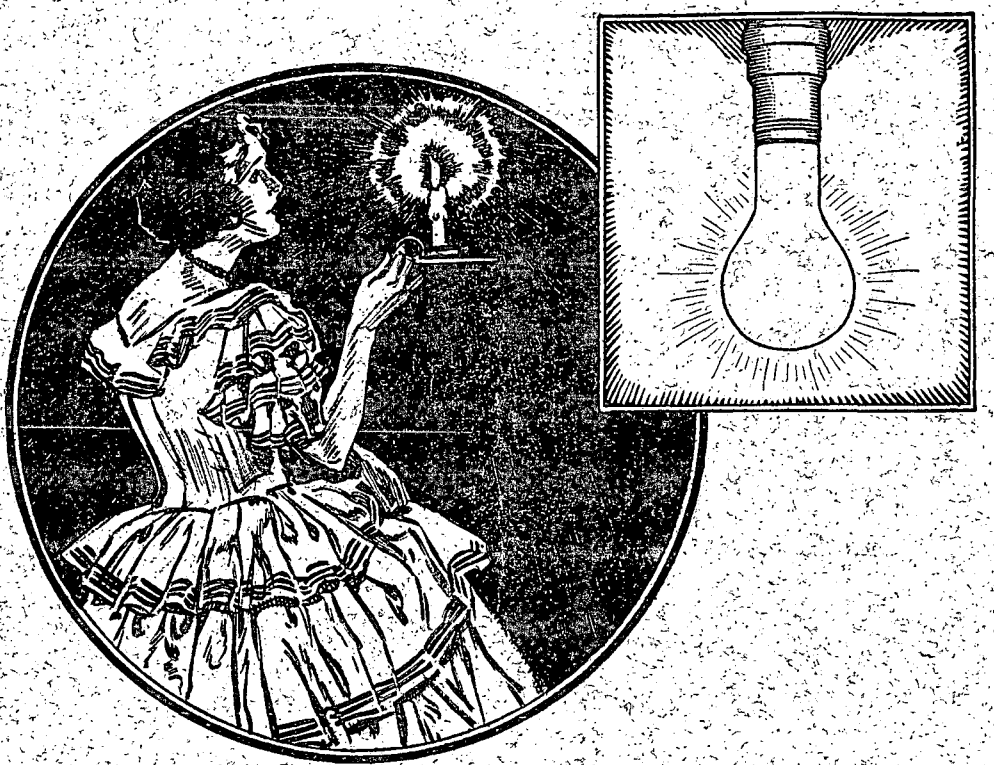

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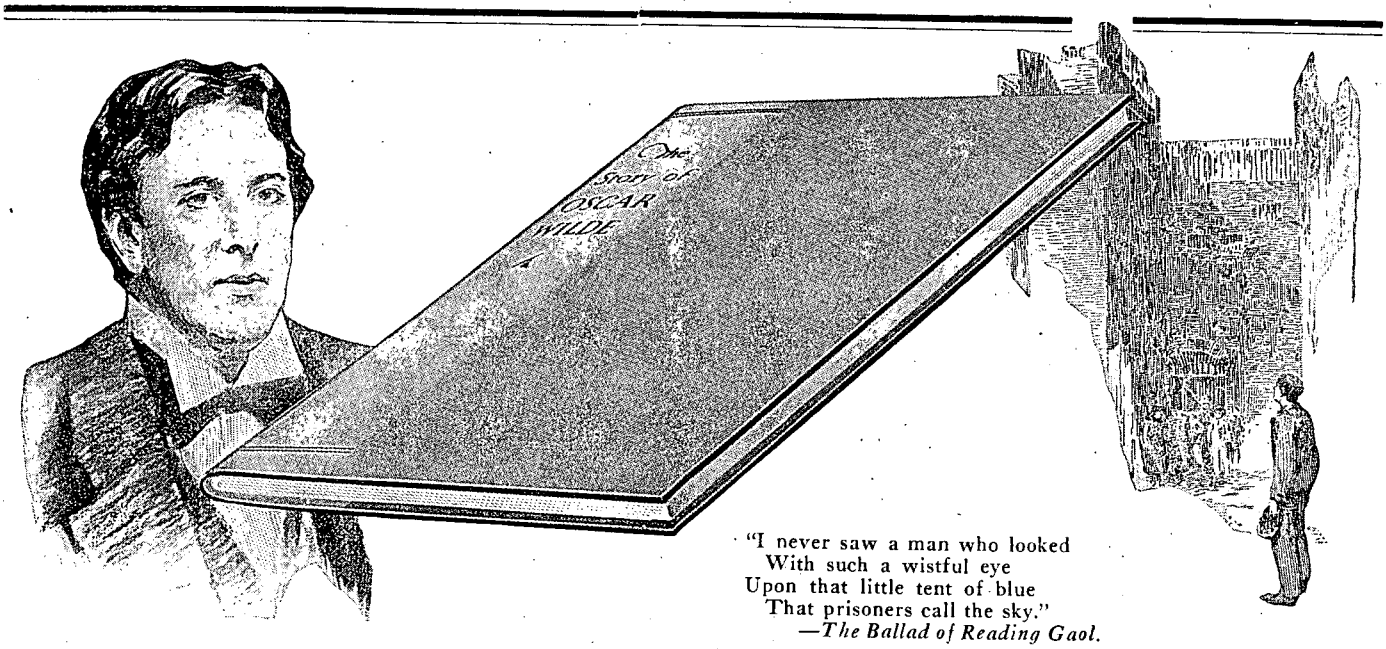

"I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
That prisoners call the sky."
—*The Ballad of Reading Gaol.*

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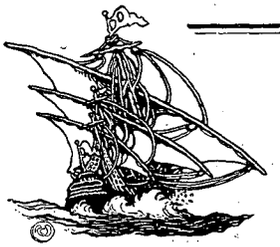

A Glimpse Ahead—

The third year of our adventure of Survey Graphic begins with this issue. Announcement can be made of two special numbers which will give it distinction.

Across the Border

A special number edited by Frank Tannenbaum.

THE recognition of Mexico gives occasion for the first of these special numbers. Mr. Tannenbaum, whose essays have been arresting features of the Atlantic and the Century, left last week for Mexico, to renew his acquaintance there of a year ago, and to act as editorial commissioner of Survey Graphic in collecting articles in which Mexicans will speak for themselves—for the forerunners and builders of a neighboring commonwealth which is entering upon a new epoch. It will match our special numbers on Ireland and Russia, which caught up the dreams and the realities of two other peoples, the one shaking free from seven centuries of constraint, the other half-emerged from the crashing down of despotism and the throes of economic revolution. Mr. Tannenbaum is enlisting Mexican scientists, artists, educators, labor leaders, social workers. His is a mission of understanding: the missioner, one of the rare interpreters of our time.

The White Revolution

A special number edited by Robert W. Bruère.

"SUPER-POWER," "giant power" and other terms have been coined in an effort to set off and differentiate from any earlier water-power developments the tremendous projects now forecast in the harnessing of tumbling waters, in burning coal at the mine mouth and in organizing great interlocking schemes of power transmission. The projects raise grave questions of government control, private and public, state and national, questions of monopoly, of offsetting the needs of small consumers and large, of the rise or dwindling of great industrial districts.

They raise also great human questions.

We know from the writings of Dickens and other Englishmen what the Black Country meant—how the common life was upset by the uncontrolled advent of steam-power and the factory system it ushered in.

Are we to see a repetition on a larger scale of these old evils?

Or does this new development hold out a precarious promise—if men have learned anything since the industrial revolution of the 18th century?

Instead of the misery which came with the piling up of the factory towns under steam, does electric power transmission lift up the hope of overcoming much drudgery and capturing new leisure, a hope especially of spreading out production, of decentralization?

Does it foreshadow a recovered village life, no longer isolated and ineffective, but capable of meeting the great center on even terms; in touch with all civilization through radio, telephone and press; but free of the regimentation of the cities?

Among the contributors to this issue will be Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, Governor Smith of New York, Joseph Hyde Pratt, director of the North Carolina Geological and Economic Survey, Sir Adam Beck, chairman of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission, Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company.

Professor Robinson's Series

Sixty thousand copies of James Harvey Robinson's Mind in the Making have been sold in America, his publishers tell us. It is a remarkable showing for a serious if creative book. Eight hundred and fifty copies have been sold through The Survey to Survey readers.

Here then was prompting enough to lead us to bend every effort to get the serial rights to Professor Robinson's new book—The Humanizing of Knowledge. We have them and are publishing three instalments in the September, October and November Graphics. Here is a man with a message which ought to get across not to 850 of our readers but to all of them; a message which The Survey ought to help get before three times that number; a message which has carrying power and which will help us carry to these wider groups the whole message of The Survey—the social facts, the experience, the discussion of issues and constructive forces which reach deep in our American life.

But how can we manage it? With the help of our readers. We ask each of you to get two friends to subscribe for a three-months' trial of Survey Graphic at fifty cents each. Send in their names and a dollar bill. The trial subscription will contain the full Robinson series.

You will be helping The Survey. Incidentally you will be helping your friends to a small bargain. But aside from these things you will be spreading the tidings of The Humanizing of Knowledge.

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The Gist of It

VISITORS to the Metropolitan Museum in New York will find Mr. Myers' Children's Theater and his Mission Tent hung there. But to understand the man and his art, you must visit the East Side. And contrariwise, to fathom the East Side—to sense the atmosphere that makes castles of factories, its blend of romance and realism, you must study the canvases of this Virginian. (p. 33)

NO phrenologist ever ran his fingers over the bumps of his subject with half the prophetic humor that Professor Robinson has displayed in his tactile explorations of the human mind. (p. 40)

FRANCIS HACKETT's most serious work has been his interpretation of the deeper social and economic factors underlying the Irish revolution. That gives him a vantage ground in appraising the cross currents at work in Mussolini's Italy. But it is as a reviewer of books and drama in the New Republic that he is best known to American readers—reviews that were searching, scorching, scintillating, coveted and feared by authors and publishers, and prized by his readers immeasurably. He is today living in Copenhagen, at work on a novel, with an occasional foray to Geneva and the lesser capitals of the world. (p. 13)

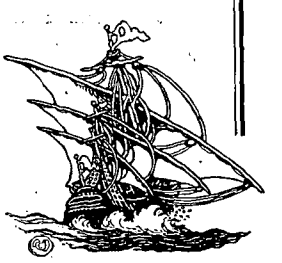
SOME years ago The Survey published an article on the Four L's in Lumber by one of the officers of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, the semi-governmental wartime labor organization of the Northwest. Thereafter came a reply from a bunkhouse—keen, trenchant, with such a cool marshalling of concrete facts that we published it forthwith under the title "Enter an I. W. W." We have him with us again. (p. 29)

MISS COOLEY's first article (p. 5) is in itself a remarkable interpretation of the health problem of the rural community—of the era of "drinking" and "rubbing" nostrums which in a Negro neighborhood was a natural sequence to the herb doctors, as these were of African magic—and then, of the coming of better times, ushered in by Miss Cooley herself on horseback, with bandages and soups in her saddle bags, in her own "doctoring days." In her next instalment she will tell of Mrs. Juno and her contemporaries: the elders of the race who have bridged the gap from the "Street" of the old-time plantation to the self-dependent households of the freedmen.

FROM Titusville to Tulsa-town is not sixteen miles. Rather half a century. And Professor Feis has engaged in a fascinating bit of comparative sociology in taking Wright's old book on the Oil Regions of Pennsylvania as his Baedeker in appraising the community life of the Oklahoma city which has been "pumped out of the plains" in a generation. The author is on the faculty of the University of Kansas (Department of Economics) and is known to readers of The Survey for his trenchant and dispassionate analysis of the workings of the Kansas Industrial Court, at a time when feeling ran its highest, and propaganda and countercharges were flying thick and fast. At present, Professor Feis is on leave of absence, working on questions of communication and cooperation for the United States at the International Labor Office of the League of Nations at Geneva. (p. 19)

THE economist's appraisal of conditions lying back of the clash over the Ku Klux Klan in Oklahoma is matched by those of a trained newspaperman, with a penchant for the labor movement. Mr. Coleman is that rarity, a native of New York. He is a graduate of Columbia and was a sergeant in the United States Engineers during the war. His work has been advertising and journalism. For four years he was a reporter on the New York Sun, and has just returned from work as editor of the Illinois Miner and correspondent of the Oklahoma Leader, to be a member of the staff of the New York Call in its new incarnation as a straight newspaper brought out by labor. (p. 25)

READERS of The Survey will miss from the "masthead" on the opposite page the name of Bruno Lasker, who for the last six years has been an associate editor of The Survey, and who, to the regret of his colleagues, returns from journalism to research. He enters upon a study of race relations for the Conference on the Christian Way of Life. Mr. Lasker created our foreign service department and has handled at various times our civics department, our book department and the managing editorship of Survey Graphic. His work for The Survey has ranged over a wide field, as illustrated by his authoritative reviews of overseas relief, his penetrating appraisal of the effects of prohibition in Grand Rapids, and the buoyant insight which marked his portrayal of the German Youth Movement—its first interpretation in this country. He brings to his new task catholicity of knowledge, a broad philosophy, a keen awareness of social implications, and rare craftsmanship.



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Photograph by Lewis Hine

How were we to get hold of the baby question in all of its larger meaning?

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No. 1

THE HOMES OF THE FREE

I. Satisfying Afflictions

By ROSSA B. COOLEY

ONE warm October day two white women were rowed over in the bateau which in those years served as a ferry boat between the town of Beaufort, South Carolina, and the sea islands that shut it off from the ocean. One of the largest of these islands bears the name of the mother of Constantine, like that other island leagues across the Atlantic on the African coast. We looked forward to our St. Helena not as a place of exile but as a field for work. The half-hour's row was the last lap in our long journey from "the North" and brought us to the low-lying shore of Ladies Island, which is the threshold to St. Helena. We climbed a flight of very rickety steps to a long narrow wharf extending far out to meet the ebb and flow of the tides. Marshes stretched on either hand with great pathways of the river running through them like ribbons, all satin in the bright sun, and lapping the very roots of the oaks.

"This is all very delightful, if it weren't so hot," I can hear Frances Butler say as we went up the little path to find our team. The rowers followed with our packages and brought up our trunks, for this is the land of many hands to help travelers. "But," she added, "I hope neither one of us will ever have to take it alone or in trouble." In just one month I had that journey to take "alone." And in the interval we had come to know the depths of trouble, what in our homely island phrase is called a "satisfying affliction." The islanders mean by this something complete, overwhelming; such as mortal sickness compounded by the isolation of the people and their utter lack of medical resources.

It was hot that first October. We had to learn how to live in an entirely new environment. And with settling an unfinished home, unpacking furniture, opening the new schoolhouse and supervising the placing of the new desks which awaited our arrival, we found our days

THE race problem with us means more often than not the problem of the Negro—and, from the days of Booker T. Washington's marvelous Up From Slavery, it has tended to mean the problem of the Negro man. But what of the Negro woman? The "Mammy," like the pickaninny, has to be sure been the delight of the southern fiction writer, and Uncle Remus has had his counterpart in Aunt Chloe and her kind; yet, after all, these are types from the old days. What of the new?

Three generations have bridged the gap and it has been the rare fortune of Miss Cooley to have known them all, in sickness and in health, in sunshine and in struggle, from the time when as a young Vassar graduate, fresh from seven years at Hampton, she took up her post as head of Penn School, the oldest school for colored folk in the South, set among the vine-clad oaks and cotton lands of the sea islands off the Carolina coast. Her story is of consuming interest to every one concerned in rural education and the conservation of country life, as well as to those who would understand what lies behind and ahead of what we call our race problem. And she tells it in terms of searching and fascinating incident and character portrayal.

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Photograph by Leigh Richmond Miner

Community Maud soon came to know the plantation paths that led to the little homes where the sick awaited our coming

too full, and our enthusiasm ran away with our strength. Three busy, very happy weeks passed. We had a willing helper in the kitchen, but one who needed to be told every detail of housework, except the making of baking powder biscuits, which she knew how to do well, and on which we very nearly subsisted. Everything we ate had to come out of a can, for Penn School then had no garden, no poultry, not even a cow. Well do I remember our last meal together at Hampton House. As we ate our scrambled eggs and baking powder biscuit we gazed through the open door of the library we had planned so long, and rejoiced that everything fitted and harmonized. It stood to us for the future of Penn School which with its long record of service as the first of the schools for Negroes in the South, was now come under Hampton leadership. We talked of plans for industrial training, many of which have since come true: agriculture, housekeeping for girls, trades to help a rural community hold its boys. Everything seemed possible and probable. Frances had large brown eyes, and I see them now as she talked that night—full of light and a great eagerness. It was as if there were a fire burning within. In reality there was, and it was a consuming fire, for she was not strong enough to meet the rigor of those first few weeks in which we had already made our acquaintances with "the fever."

The fever was very "rapid" that autumn, and I had tried giving quinine to some of the neighbors whom we had found suffering with it. I had always been interested in nursing. All during college days I had said I should never teach! I wanted to be a trained nurse. I even had flights of imagination to the possibility of being a physician; but the hospital training should come first, as I felt I should ask my father for no further education. On a college professor's salary he had educated six children and given us all the best. My youth prevented my entering a hospital for the first year after graduation and my inheritance from my father prevented me ever giving up teaching once I had started. But my love for all things medical was a gift indeed for those first days on the island. With the love went a certain skill that usually comes with deep interest in a subject, and a certain kind of confidence that comes with determination and endurance. I had need for these things, for the fever struck Hampton House that night and Frances Butler was its victim. I knew nothing of death. I had come close to it but once in all my life, and then the responsibility had been shared with many others. But here on St. Helena, we had had no time to make the acquaintance of the fifty or so white people who lived on the island. Most of them customarily left it for the summer months with their heat and sickness and few had returned. It was a nine-mile drive each way through our heaviest sand to Fort Fremont—a remnant of the Spanish American War, located at Land's End—well named, I thought, as I waited for medical aid. But to send to Beaufort meant a six-mile drive with a river to cross, so when I found the army doctor would respond to the call, I placed my dependence on him and I never regretted it. He willingly drove the weary miles one night to arrive at two in the morning. We had to send to Savannah for a trained nurse. All the medicine and sick-room accessories were in Beaufort, and were sent for by that slow process of wagon to the ferry, and then the bateau which ran on no regular schedule across to the town. We did not have a refrigerator, and as ice was a necessity, I took one of the packing boxes and filled it with sawdust, and the ice was brought from the town as well as all other things for the sick-room. One

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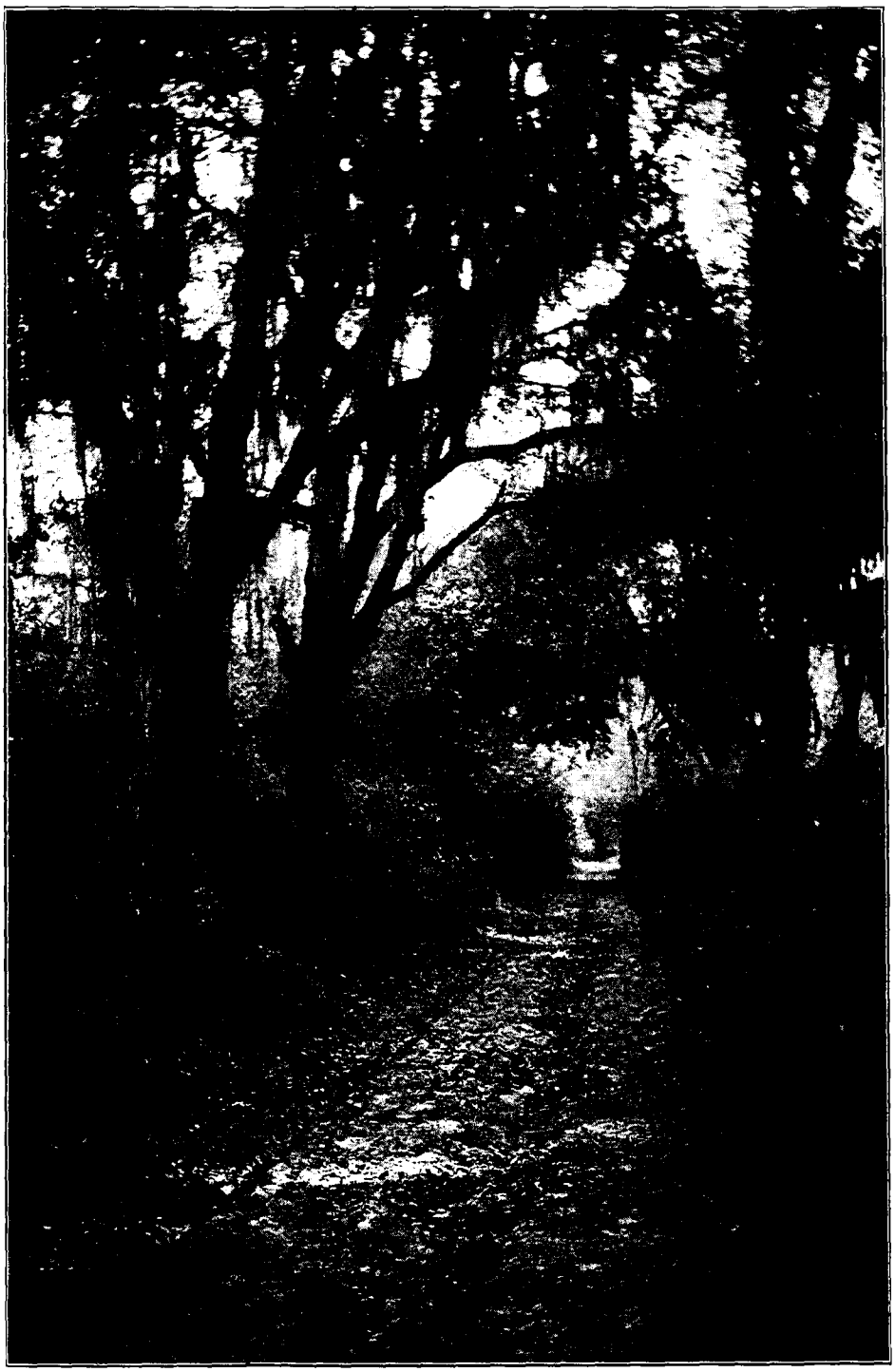
of my most vivid memories of that week is the never-ending going up and down the stairs through the day and through the night to the improvised ice box, lifting the heavy top, digging down into the sawdust for the ice, chipping off what seemed like gold, and carrying it to the sick-room.

As I looked out of our staircase window on my many pilgrimages that last day, I saw one of the old Negro women sitting on the woodpile. She knew of the shadow. She wanted me to know that some one was there ready to help if there was help that could be given. I have never known who she was. That day I was too numb to go even so far as the woodpile or to ask her to come to the porch. But I was glad to see her. She seemed a link with a world that was becoming very unreal. And I felt the kindliness of that presence, and have often thought of her and silently thanked her.

The struggle, and it was a splendidly brave one, ended on the night of November first, All Saints Day. I have always liked to remember one of the last things Frances said, "It is all right. I'm so very glad we came here!" Then came the long journey alone and in trouble, back down the oyster shell road, across the river, through Beaufort, all the way to Boston and out to the home in Arlington.

This was my tragic introduction to the health problem of St. Helena. That winter, Miss Butler's post was taken by Grace Bigelow House and together for nineteen years we have thrown in our lot with the Islanders. The next two winters seemed to call me especially to homes where there was illness, and I came to know my neighbors through their afflictions. At that time there was no doctor except the army doctor, and no nurse on our island of 6,000 Negroes. The people either did nothing, or else carried their sick to Land's End or to Beaufort or to Paris Island for medical attention, often waiting till death was almost certain before taking that step.

My neighbors were many of them—as I came to know—but three or four generations removed from the African village. There all the superstition, all the dramatic element, all the love of rhythm found in the race is appealed to by the witch doctor who has a large practice among his primitive people. In plantation days in the South the slaves' health was cared for by their owners. Often the relationship was a close one, and then the Negroes were given comforts as well as medicines. The field hands of the islands, however, rarely came in contact with the white people and



Photograph by Francis R. Cope, Jr.

Island roads where gray moss festoons the branches and yellow jessamine trails its way

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there was little of that personal interest. So here, more than on the main land, the old ideas continued and the old superstitions prevailed. Midwives have always held an important position in the life of the race, both in Africa and on the plantations, where they were given some training by the family physician since the Negro babies were valuable to their owners. Where, as with us, the rural Negroes were less under the eyes of their masters, the old customs held on, and the herb doctors took the place of the witch doctors of Africa.

The next step in the period following emancipation was from herbs to patent medicines bought from the agent who drives about from house to house or from the shelves of our stores that supply everything from a paper of pins to a kitchen stove. This was the natural step for rural communities and has been the one most difficult to get past. The alluring titles and promises, and the fact that there is no doctor's fee added to the cost of the bottle, account for the popularity of medicines that often do more harm than good.

On one of my visits, I found a long row of empty bottles sitting on the little shelf beside an old woman. She had "drunk nine dollars and fifty cents wut ob medicine," she proudly informed me, and this last kind was "to cool de pain." When she died all the bottles were taken to the grave, a usual Island custom. Her son was seeing to it that his old mother did not lack medicine, but in life she had never seen a doctor.

Photograph by Mary Isabel House

"Miss Cooley, she like de air!"

My patients grew in number, and for a school teacher I was kept busy enough. A note brought in by a child saying the mother had "intergestion pepsy" would take us to a home where we could combine visiting child and parent, for country teachers can do little unless they know the family background. On the Island nothing ever aches or is sore. The head or the foot, as the case may be, is "sick." Aunt Elsie's sick foot kept me at work for weeks. She called it a "jew boil," meaning dew, for she believed that the early morning dew had caused it. She told me one morning after I had left a cathartic pill, "that one pill did not remove the bowel." Fortunately! Not infrequently one of the children would come to the office to ask, "Has yo' any medicine for chillun?" "Drinkin" or "rubbin" as the case might be, for those were the most called for.

A very general custom among southern Negroes is to send to the doctor for medicine. It is a custom that easily grows up in a rural community where the distances are so great and transportation so difficult, but it does not always help the patient, for symptoms are not easily described by even the best educated. And yet wonderful skill has often been shown by the rural physician in diagnosing the disease at a distance, and I've often wondered how he did it. For a layman like myself the only resource was to respond in person, more often than not on pony back.

Among our school workers should be numbered the horses that have made possible our visits up island and down. First came Community Maud, then Jubilee and Come-Again, and finally our native Island ponies, Sunshine and Wonder, who still travel the roads. My saddle bag in those early days more often than not bulged with old linen needed for the new baby and perhaps a mason jar full of soup for old Aunt Riah.

Community Maud early came to know the plantation paths that led to the little homes where the sick looked forward to my coming. When Mrs. Juno said one day in the Community Class, "De people dey recognizes Missus Cooley, 'cause she slashes about dis Island," I began to feel less like a stranger in their midst. One day I well remember leaving Community Maud outside, as usual untied for she was a gifted community worker and sensed her share in the work. That day, however, I evidently stayed too long and I came out to find no horse. There was nothing to do but to walk home—about four miles. It is always a good thing to walk on the Island! It makes one realize better what the children must come through to Penn School, for all our children walk, no matter how far away their homes. The

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walk took me through the wood where the yellow jessamine trailed its way over the bushes and up into the trees, where I met the wild iris growing along the edges of great basins of water which I had to jump and wade through, just as the children had to do every day. The jessamine was almost over and there were golden bells lying on the wood path. I realized then as I do again and again the great compensations of rural work.

And Community Maud? She had dashed straight home to her stable where one of the boys had jumped in the saddle and come out to meet me, which shortened the walk by about a mile, and incidentally gave the deserter more work to do!

My "doctoring" was all most simple, and it usually began with some fresh air. The people do what they can for the sick, but air is usually kept out of the sick-room as rather a dangerous commodity and also because there is rarely enough "beddin." The wooden shutters make a room seem pitch black until you get used to it. I usually threw the shutter wide open the first thing, and some one would say, "Miss Cooley, she like de air!" I would tell them it was God's medicine and better than any doctor's!

I could only give such medicines as I had seen my mother give to her large family of children, but that with our bright sunshine and fresh air did seem to do wonders. And I loved the work. It was a natural first step in trying to do the double share of work which I felt had been left to me by Miss Butler's going.

Because of it I was saved many a lonesome time, for the days were full to the brim. One night I wrote to my mother, "This has been a day for crossing bridges. I don't know what is the matter, but I am depressed. I feel as lonely as though I were alone in the world. I suppose people think I am too busy to be lonely and to be wishing that I could fly home. I am, usually, but this has been a bad day. Fortunately I shall soon be asleep and tomorrow will have a different look to it! I have two blind women, one old lame woman, one old woman with a boil on her foot, and one destitute crazy girl to look after on my immediate list for help. When I get out among them I shall forget this dark cloud on the interior." I find no other reference to homesickness in all my letters (which my mother saved in bundles marked by the year and which have proved a treasure trove in recapturing the experiences and feelings of those years). I am sure the home visits among the sick were the best medicine!

Mrs. Legare, alone, was enough to drive away the worst possible attack of homesickness! She was entirely blind, and crippled besides. Her legs were drawn up so that no power could straighten them. She spoke so cheerfully and was so glad we came that our hearts would ache for her because we could do so little. She had been blind five years, and sick six, she told us, but her voice had no note of whine in it. She lay in bed all day, the wooden shutters tightly drawn to keep out the cold, for as usual there were too few bedclothes. Her husband was a sad-looking individual who acted as both cook and housekeeper, with the help of two little children they were trying to keep in school. He brought in a little chimneyless lamp for us, which lighted up the general dreariness, but added so much smoke I can smell it as I write. I asked Mrs. Legare if she was warm enough. "Oh, yes," she said, "'cep' when it's col', and den I feels de coverin' too light. But it will git warmer." When I asked her about her food, she said, "Yes, I has de appetite, an' dat's what keep me up." I wondered what she had to eat, for they were "dessicute." The husband explained, with a pathetic wave of the hand, "I farms some, but I has no

Photograph by Leigh Richmond Miner

From "day clean" till sunset the whole family, grandmothers and "grands" alike, share in the work of the fields

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Photograph by Francis R. Cope, Jr.

"Doctor Nuss" was able to transform their fears into eager inquiry: "Ain't you goin' to vacillate me today?"

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Photograph by Leigh Richmond Miner

After a few weeks of dressing, "ole bruk-foot Mary" could travel anywhere

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crittur or nuttin' to help dese han's. An' when de chillun in de school, I mus' stay right yere." And I could see that he should.

We happened upon my other blind "patient" one day as we were driving across Eustis Plantation on Ladies Island. We had no idea any one lived in the little old house in the field, not a bit of whitewash on it, not a bit of paint, no chimney, not a sign of life about it. We were struck by the fact that day that smoke was coming out of the door!

When we looked in, we found a young woman crouching over a bit of fire built on the floor. Some sand was under the fire, but why the house had not burned will always be a mystery to me. She was quite alone. Her name was Violet, and she had no near of kin to care for her—only an aunt by marriage living on the same plantation.

Violet needed care, for she was stone blind. And she was quite attractive. We found that she had had one child. What was to protect her? Her ignorance was the darkest I had ever met.

A year later, when we found that she was to have another child, we decided that she really must go to the county poorhouse, a clean if dreary place, with an evidently kind woman in charge. Violet would never see the dreariness. She would be fed; she and the community would be safe.

We made plans accordingly, and worked out every detail. Violet and Aunt seemed perfectly willing, but when we went down to take her, there was no moving Violet. She would not stir from her own fire sand! And there in the background was the aunt. A cog in the machinery of our providence had slipped loose that morning. I was to find out the deep-seated feeling in the minds of the Negro people that they ought to take care of their own. The neighbors had been talking, and the aunt was adamant. "She a bit mindless. She ain't for go, for she al'ays ben on dis place an' she belong yere." Argument was useless. So I said to the old auntie, "It is just because she is a bit mindless that she needs protection. It is all wrong that she should live here by herself, and it is all wrong for her children. They have no chance. If we leave her, will you promise to take her into your own house and let her live there always?" She said she would, and she did, that very morning, and Violet lived safely till her death several years later.

The only reminder now of that long-ago morning is a little bright-faced child, adopted by a family on a nearby plantation, who will always give you the wave of her hand, a happy smile. But when she tries to speak you hear only a strange jargon of sound, for Violet's daughter was born deaf.

We were to learn more about the "mindless." While Violet was, I think, stupid only because of her total lack of sight and opportunity, Pinkie—as we learned after her first visit—was insane. She appeared at Hampton House one early evening, passed straight by Mary and stood like a picture framed in the door of our dining-room. Tall, very dark, with skin like satin, slender, her shapely head tied up in a white cotton cloth, her skirt short to her ankles, and barefooted. Like a flash she took us and everything in the room in at a glance, and then quietly sat down at one side of the room.

She seemed to have no particular request. She wanted to stay all night, and yet she told me she lived on Ladies Island and had walked from the ferry and had children at home! Finally I told her she must go, for it was not right for her to be on the road late, and she started as swiftly as she had come in, and passed out into the night. But somehow I could not feel that she had really gone. The little group of teachers then lived in a small portable cottage we had put up near Hampton House. We went over there, and there sat Pinkie in one of the rooms, the teachers mystified and a bit frightened, too. This time we saw her to the gate, and there was no return that evening.

But we had not seen the end of the problem she brought in that dark night. She was always appearing, from "day clean" till long after sunset, and while she seemed perfectly harmless, it gave us a start to see her suddenly standing at the bedroom door, or looking in at us when we were eating. She always seemed to be right there without coming, for she walked like a deer, and went barefoot. At length came the decision that she must go to Columbia to the "Silent"—as our state hospital for the insane is called by the Islanders. And while Uncle Gabriel was loth to give up his efforts to care for her, he finally consented.

The Island attitude toward illness no less than toward insanity is bound up with superstition, as Miss House found when she went in to see one of the older women who had an affliction which she said "no medical doctor cayn' cure." "I had dis affliction before," she said, "and I ben to Paris Island doctor and all de doctors, an' dey say it could do no good."

"But you can tell me what the sickness is like?"

"Hump, hump!" shaking her head, "dey is some illness come from God, and some come from man!"

"Do you think this sickness came from God?" asked Miss House.

The little room was dark, the little old woman lay on a very neat bed, well cared for, evidently, but quite weak. "No," she whispered, "No, no! Dishyuh sickness came from man."

"Do you think some one wished some evil on you?"

"Yes," came back the expected answer in a whisper.

(*Continued on page 47*)

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Under the Black Shirt

By FRANCIS HACKETT

EVERYWHERE you go in Italy today there is one picture in the bookshop windows—Mussolini. Not just Mussolini as the head of the government or Mussolini as the head of the Fascisti, but Mussolini as the man of the hour, Mussolini as the man of supreme energy, the fighter, the thinker, the Great Brain, the superman.

"Yes," exclaims Omero, the waiter, "he is a Great Brain!" He taps his forehead to express the height of Mussolini's brow, just as a moment before he had held his nose to express the smell of Venice in June. You agree. In fact, you smile sympathically. Have not nine men in the restaurant the Fascio emblem in their buttonhole? You know that already Mussolini is a mythical figure in Italy, and you expect legendary accounts of him. "Up at five every morning," as a young man with sparkling eyes told me, "on horseback in the park by six, then an hour fencing, and at his desk by eight, ready for his mountain of work."

It was actually eight when we ourselves saw him start off for his ride in Rome, but what does an hour or two matter? A hero is a hero, except to devastating cynics. If you say he was an hour late for his appointment with the committee of the International Women's Congress, and then lolled into the room without apology, arrayed in his riding breeches, you merely imply he is human. The English-speaking women found him a little gruff and a little embarrassed. They said he mumbled a few words about nothing in particular and seemed very anxious to get away for his ride. The Italian women delegates made an enormous fuss over him. They had brought him a bundle of fasces, the emblem of his party. This bundle he tossed to his secretary with some impatience, but the Italian women adored his roughness and flocked around him. They literally stooped to kiss the hem of his coat.

The waiter's version, their version, is the shop-window version of Mussolini, and everywhere in Italy the shop window is chock full of Fascist goods. If you take appearances seriously, you must say that Italy is madly nationalistic. Organized in compact groups, like the bundles of fasces from which they take their name, the Fascisti form the supreme party in Italian politics. They have, at the moment, a monopoly of patriotism.

This patriotism is not mere sweetness and light. The Fascisti actually declare themselves to be undemocratic, anti-liberty, pro-violence. There is

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The drawing of Mussolini is reproduced from Facismo Liberatore, published by R. Bemporad and Figlio, Firenze, Italy.

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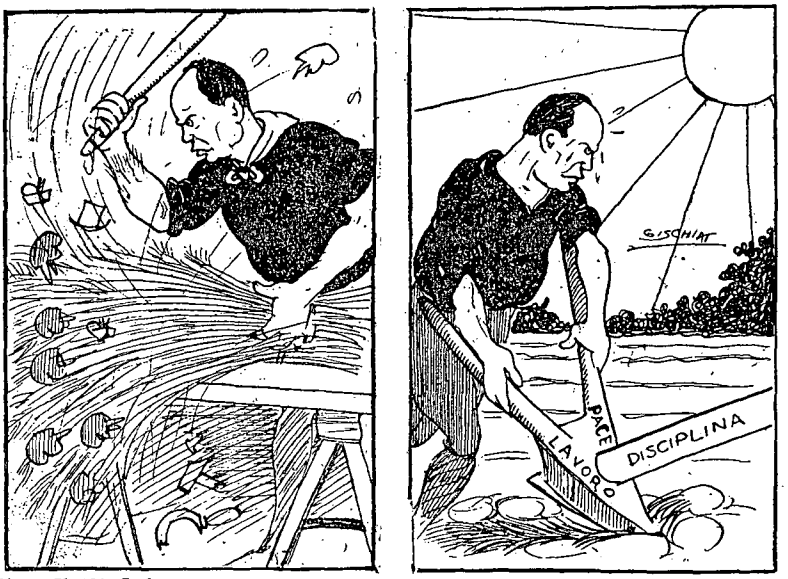
nothing shy or vague about their rhetoric. When their leader disowns liberty, he pictures himself as dancing on her decomposing body. If he admits violence, he does so by telling his opponents how lucky they are, so far, not to be murdered. He is not afraid to be a dictator. And the Italian public accepts this as they accept his richly emotional telegrams, his aeroplane flights, his whirlwind style.

To declare that this is a result of Mussolini's superb theatrical instinct is to describe without explaining. No one can doubt his histrionic gifts, but in the Italy after the war, when officers in uniform were spat upon in the streets, there was no place for the talent that Mussolini now displays. Every morning, so long as he thinks it necessary, he will wrap himself in the biggest Italian flag he can find and parade before his people; and his people will applaud. But this applause, this acceptance, is not automatic. Its history is too readily forgotten. The present tide of Italian patriotism does not date from the war. It dates from the collapse of socialist rule after the war. After the war the Italian workers tried to follow the example of Moscow and they managed to overawe the existing government. They had their day in power. But, if the general feeling is to be relied on, they made



From Il 420, Italy

We have finished the work of threshing (cleaning out the opposition to Fascisti); now we can give all our energy to the task of plowing (the plow is labeled peace, work, discipline)

a complete mess of it. They proved, as Professor George D. Herron has expressed it, that they "are as yet incapable of organizing and administering a new economy of life and labor." Their failure made Mussolini possible.

As a hard, bright realist of the Italian type, Mussolini gave no support to the internationalism of his former Socialist comrades. In the old student days, in Switzerland, he had played duets with Tchicherin. He was a sophisticated Socialist and he had never swerved from socialism until the war. But through the experience he realized above everything the feebleness of the Italian state. He knew its tradition of separatism, the flimsiness of its industrialism, the backwardness of its country districts, the thinness of its economic resources. As he saw it, the war had given Italy a very powerful opportunity of national association, a symbol and memory of national unity, and, as a strong pro-war Socialist, he wanted that unity preserved. Hence, convinced that only by intensifying national sentiment, national vanity, could a strong state be created, he has rallied the Italian people and restored national confidence. The trappings of his policy, therefore, are the trappings of the war; the intention of it is national unity. And the need for national unity has made him acceptable to the Italian people.

So, in 1923, you find Italy full of militarism. Throughout Italy, which he restlessly circles, Mussolini has recruited an immense cast of war heroes and war veterans and "mutilati," all wrapped in the flag. No day passes without reference to the war in speeches, in newspaper articles, in celebrations. It was a godsend for the Italian editor when somebody dug out Marshal Foch's assertion that France saved Italy at the Piave. Every week for months the comic papers have run skits on what Italy owed to Foch. "What a wonderful blue sky you have in Rome," says King George on his visit. "We thank Your Gracious Majesty," says the Italian, "but confidentially, we must tell you, we owe it to General Foch." "Have you seen that a country woman of the Abruzzi has given birth to five children at one time?" "Yes, isn't it remarkable? But, in confidence, let me tell you, we owe it to General Foch." This light-heartedness is typical, but it accompanies a social and political existence which still pivots on the war. This record has been made the test of his patriotism. A man's war is the externality of Fascism. The war has been kept flamingly alive.

Take one of their celebrations. The square in front of the Santa Maria Novella in Florence is dazzlingly bright in the morning sunshine as the people crowd together for the mass in memory of fallen Fascisti. These fallen Fascisti number fifteen; they were young men killed in a street-fight between themselves and the Communisti. The Fascisti, being on top, are determined to commemorate them in the fashion of heroes who died in the war. To that end their relatives have been brought to the church, and the people of Florence are crowding and pushing, men and women of every class and a fair sprinkling of children, pressing as only Italians can press in a crowd, to find a footing in the vast building where mass is to be celebrated.

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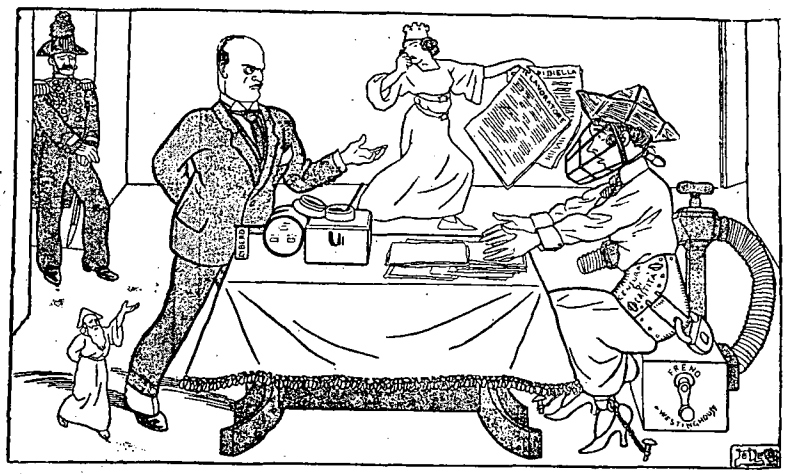

From Il Travaso Delle Idee

Mussolini: Do you understand? False news is forbidden!
The press: Well, I suppose I may say that I still have a free "hand"

Its facade is indeed beautiful in the bathing sun, bright as only in Tuscany, with adventurous boys and young men packed into the arches of the cloisters. The pigeons are ranged on the ledges of the facade, but with each blast of the band, as it breaks into the national anthem, the birds scatter wildly from their perches as if blown from a gun. At the first sound of the anthem all the knowing young men doff their hats, and in a few seconds nobody's hat is on his head except that of a disillusioned man in shabby clothes or some man preoccupied in gaping at the crowd or in vending flags or lumps of candy in the national colors.

The band blares away for a few minutes, to celebrate the arrival of local bigwigs, and when the black motors have discharged their celebrities the tune has reached its end. Back go the hats until some one cries, "Il Cardinale, il Cardinale!" and a motor with a crumpled red figure inside gives the occasion for a new explosion of sound, a new uncovering of the crowd and a new flight of the pigeons.

A young man with hot black eyes runs up to you. Your hat is on your had, and he is a passionate patriot who knows not only his own duty but yours. He glares at you until he sees your hand move to your hat brim.

When the crowd has nothing else to do, it looks at the armed Fascisti—the Black Shirts who are also known as the national militia. They are the backbone of Mussolini's party, even if they wear the national uniform over their black shirts. In all, as one is not allowed to forget, they are two hundred thousand strong. It is, to tell the truth, a rather badly made and ill-fitting greenish uniform. The young volunteers wear tin helmets, not exactly similar in design and anything but similar in color and enamel, but still helmets, the helmets of war. They have real rifles, slung on their backs, and

Everything is done to give pomp to this occasion. The love of uniforms is still a marked trait of the simpler Italian, and nothing is more splendid than a display of the civic guard. It is true, they are only policemen, but think of policemen dressed like generalissimi, their hats with sharp red and violently blue plumes, their swallow-tail uniforms with a shower of silver cord from each epaulette, and a mighty sword held by gloved hands. These gorgeous cops, dozens of them, are entering the church from time to time, but the ordinary folk have to struggle at the side entrances as the front entrance is reserved for officials and celebrants and guests.

The householders must participate. Around the big square the buildings are flashing with flags. An apartment house to one side has adopted an old custom — from its windows are hung imitation tapestries, hearth rugs and even rag rugs from the bedroom windows. The Italian tricolor is profusely displayed. From the discreet Minerva hotel there are national flags. But most of the color is supplied by the moving banners. From the far side of the square, winding its way between the armed ranks of the Fascisti, comes a steady narrow stream of persons holding aloft banners and flags, sometimes in single display and sometimes in clumps of display, the banners being in red, white and green, in solid green, in black and red and white, with bundles of fasces and the axe rising out of black banners. Into the great cavern mouth of the church, the black mouth, disappear these banners bright with the sun. The colors are washed off and extinguished one after the other, but still the procession is mounting the steps, and pouring into the enigmatic depths of the ancient and beautiful building.

From Il 420, Italy

Italy pleads to the opponents of Fascism: "Gentlemen, I beg, do not abuse his patience, for if he breaks his chain it will be worse for you" (the opposition figures are socialist, capitalist, papist, bolshevist, and Nitti, and at one side an opposition newspaper)

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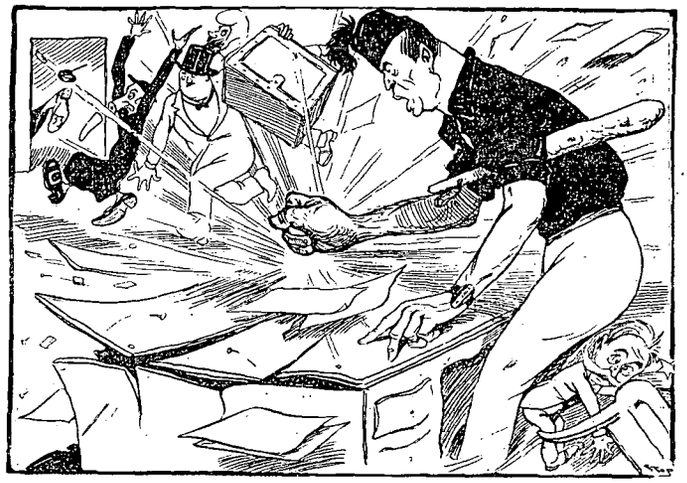

From Il 420, Italy

In the old days before Mussolini—bankers, papists, press, etc. could paralyze the government; but now they scatter as the dictator says, "I am the government!"

a fair number sport their war medals on ribbons—some an absolutely astonishing number of medals. One is surprised by the number of good-looking young heroes of the Arrow-Collar brand. They have the real look of story-book heroes, keen profiles, expressions of extreme hauteur, and flat stomachs. The atmosphere of war-glory permeates the whole proceeding. Italia is a name to conjure with, and if any one in the crowd persists in not taking off his hat when, for the eighth time, the national anthem is being played, he hears some one behind him remark significantly, "Tedesco, Tedesco"—German, German.

The whole gathering is at once spirited, excited and provincial. Behind the temporary barriers around the square, to which young girls, young men and elderly men are clinging, a few very important officers with much consulted wrist watches hover and confer. These are the real people. But as there is no climax possible to such a gathering on a public square, unless Mussolini himself arrives or unless some one throws a bomb, it is impossible to go on being impressed by these men in uniform. They admit the privileged, they deny admission to the miserable boobs who try to gain admission but are not sufficiently privileged. Beyond that, and consulting their watches, they have no function. Yet they do not call each other Kleagle and Klomrade. They are not ridiculous. And not being ridiculous, and carrying firearms, they are able to give the impression of great strength and importance. Meanwhile, their one contribution to permanent history is the trees they are planting in the public square. These are trees to commemorate the fallen, the men who were killed in the clash between the Fascisti and the Communisti. If the Communisti do not get on top and uproot these trees, replacing them by class-conscious trees to commemorate the Communisti who fell in the same riot, there is likely to remain some memorial of this day's hot and glittering celebration.

Such a celebration, with its stress on the national militia, the flag, the religious ceremony, and the heroes who fell, is characteristic of the Fascist movement. This movement, described as "justified reaction against the excesses of the Socialists," is not without excess of its own.

Yet, "give him a chance." That is the mood in which the plain man in Italy has so far accepted Mussolini. He is not overawed by his dictatorship, he is not frightened by it, he is not deeply impressed by it. What most strikes him is that, under Mussolini, the profiteers were checked by direct intimidation, the trams were resumed, the mails ceased to be tampered with, the electric light could be depended on, the trains were on time, the streets became safe. It may be that Mussolini has accepted reaction, it may be that he has included behind him not only the young idealists but also the most selfish and exploiting forces in Italy, the forces against which he himself had fought when he was a strenuous Socialist. But at least he has skirted chaos. This means something to the ordinary folk who were upset and scared during the Socialist regime. A great number, from the simplest to the most sophisticated, argue from these inconveniences. It has made them tolerant of a drastic political receivership.

To fortify this receivership there are many diverse groups. The love of Italy, of course, is an ardent passion that has made many Fascisti. "I am sixty years old," I heard a professor say, "and now that I am too old to love woman, I give all my love to Italy." A young scientist echoed him. "We are lovers of Italy," he said with white intensity, "you cannot understand unless you see that we are in love with Italy." To him this meant religious faith in Mussolini, blind faith if need be, and the acceptance of the sternest discipline, because Mussolini stood for national unity.

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In contrast with this rather feverish devotion, there is the Fascism of the business man. If Mussolini is portrayed as the redeemer of his country, bringing the love of country to its highest practical realization, he is also portrayed as a prisoner between two carabinieri, Plutocracy on one side and Imperialism on the other. And certainly among his supporters there are many men whose pockets were threatened by socialism.

The practicality of Mussolini means much to the modern business Italian. For side by side in Italy there exist two sharp contraries, the old country of poverty and resignation, the new country of hope and effort. And in Mussolini the industrial sees a leader who favors the process of rapid change.

If you keep your eyes open as you travel about, there is one thing you cannot help seeing—the electric candle burning in front of a holy statue or a sacred picture. The church is still there, the form of adoration is still the same, but instead of the flaming and guttering candle you have the candle-shaped electric lamp. It costs very little, on account of the water power; it saves trouble; and the intention is still the same. It is not beautiful, except perhaps in the eyes of Arnold Bennett, who sees beauty in street-cars. It is not so beautiful, certainly, as the living light of the candle is in the darkness of the church. But the sacristan is an Italian and a practical man. It is tedious to trim candles, to light tapers, to scrape up candle grease. It is much simpler for him to illuminate St. Anthony just by shoving in the plug.

That is typical of the modern Italian. For Italy, late in entering the modern field, is no longer to be ranked with nations merely historic and picturesque. Italy is a coming nation. The new order is shouldering and buffeting its way among mediæval survivals. In the large sense it is a new and young country of nearly forty million people, as much as France, nearly as much as England. It is crude, vigorous and full of hope. How wisely it will develop remains to be seen, but in the Italian air there is the feeling of freshness and experiment. Those who are interested simply in the galleries and palaces, the blue skies and the masterpieces of the Renaissance, may not welcome this fact, but there can be no doubt of the country's human vitality. Italy is being reborn.

This does not mean that the old order has passed. It does not mean that Italy has an easy road ahead. All it means is that new interests, new ambitions, new hopes, have been aroused in the Italian people.

One afternoon, in a hill-town in spring, the doors of a small church were flung open, and out poured the congregation. Around the steps of the church they clustered, waiting for a special ceremony. In a few minutes, to the edge of the highest step, came a priest carrying a long glass case, gold-mounted. In this case he had the withered arm of a famous saint. Already the sacred relic had toured up to Florence. Now it was on its way to Bologna. In strains of extraordinary fervor and eloquence, the priest on the steps, watched by hundreds of upturned faces, described the virtues and properties of the relic. He lifted it above his head, while the people, especially the country people, murmured in passionate sympathy and respect. But twenty yards away, on the outskirts of this crowd, there was another crowd that paid not the slightest attention to the eloquent priest. These were young people, girls and boys, in all sorts of outing costumes who, with flowers and tossing branches, had assembled from a morning walk in the hills. Most of them wore rough clothes, short skirts or knee breeches. They carried knapsacks and were hatless. They seethed in the centre of the public square, flirting, chattering, singing. The barefooted young monks with measured tread and pious chant who followed the relic around the edge of the square did not win a single glance from these hundreds of young Italians.

To me it seemed to indicate the co-temporary existence of two different ages. And this is constantly suggested in Italy.

"It is not dead, it still lives!" exclaimed the priest as he held aloft the relic. The same might be said of the ma-

(*Continued on page 62*)

Drawn by Abby E. Underwood

Off Corfu

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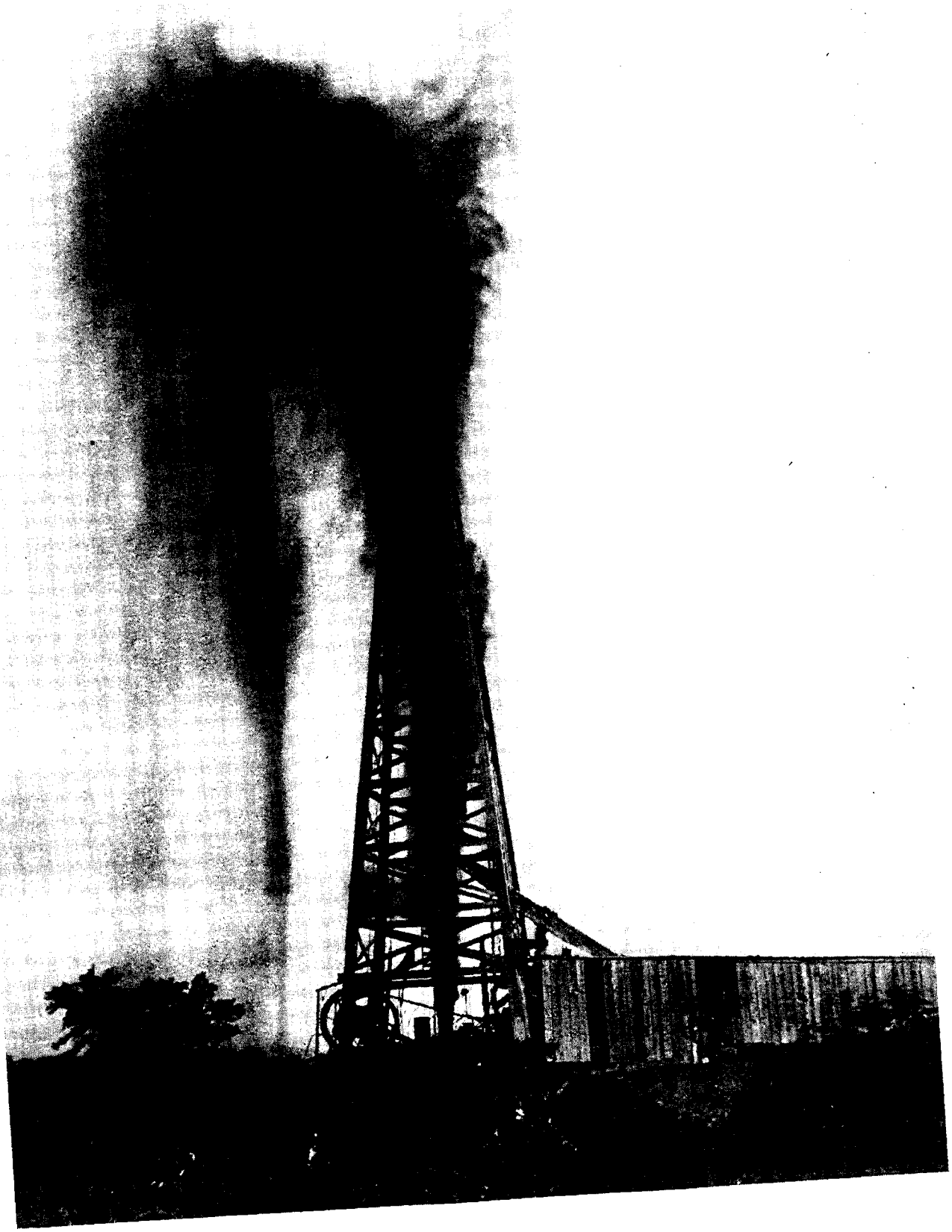

"Thar she blows!" A gusher in one of the Sinclair oil fields

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Martial Law again in Tulsa—newest of our oil towns—the American frontier incarnate in this day of aeroplanes, wireless and steel. But what do these things mean in terms of community life?

TULSA

By HERBERT FEIS

"Sure, go down and see what a lot of Americans will do with a country if left pretty much to themselves." With this encouragement from William Allen White we started off for Tulsa, the city that has been pumped out of the southwestern plains within a generation, the last great descendant in the long line of towns which the men of the oil fields have built in the course of their quest, of which Titusville and Oil City are remembered as the first. We chose Tulsa because it is still in the making, because there, suddenly, a fantastically great and new temptation is offered men to become swiftly rich by the exploitation of an unappropriated natural resource, because it is the Eldorado of our own day. We wanted to show what these men had done, how they had thrived, what life is among them. And we brought along the story of the first oil fields—Wright's The Oil Regions of Pennsylvania, published in 1865. We wanted to see how conceptions and practices in America had changed since then.

IF you look closely at an old photograph of Tulsa back in 1893 you can spy the footprints of steers in the mud and the carefully coiled lariats of the clientele in front of the general store. The name of the city is not mentioned in the standard history of Oklahoma up to the year 1906. The speculator rushes of squatters from the border states by which the old Indian Territory was first settled passed it by; it lay in the midst of the lands of the Five Civilized Tribes. It might have had a railroad connection as early as 1872, for the owners of the old Atlantic and Pacific Railroad originally planned to build a southwest extension to the Arkansas River. But there was trouble over the extinction of the Indian titles to the promised land grants, and the plan was given up. "We could not," the attorney for the Atlantic and Pacific explained to the Senate committee in 1878, "build the road through the desolation of four hundred or six hundred miles." The Indians were encamped at the end of the desolation. But a line was finally pushed through in the middle eighties and the village of Tulsa grew up. It became a cattle-shipping point in the midst of a stock-raising border territory, and so it remained until the discovery of oil.

In November, 1905, a test-well was brought in on the Ida E. Glenn allotment near Tulsa, and the rise of Tulsa for the first time forecast. The well was brought in by Roy S. Good and "Shorty" Miller, two old-time drillers, backed by two other Tulsa men. The four of them put almost everything they had into drilling that hole. The drilling, so the story goes, was an event among the farmers or "nesters"; they and the cowboys from the ranches came in each day to watch the operations. But the night before the well was brought in the operators made a show of closing it up and declared that they were off to hunt 'possum, since the operations were over. In the morning, by themselves, they ushered in the Glenn Pool and leased the land around. The pumps in the Glenn Pool are still bringing in oil. It was but the pioneer of a most prolific line — the great Cushing in 1912, Healdton in 1913, Blackwell and Billings in '14-'15, Heming in '16, Yale in '17, Hewett, Duncan and Lyons Deaner in '21, Burbank, Tonkawa and Bristow in '22, besides a score of smaller ones. Together, under the unceasing, restless exploitation that is carried on today, they are yielding more oil than is produced in any state of the union except California. It is the beat of their pumps which has led men on distant farms to hitch up their teams, and men in distant cities to leave their ledgers and come down to these plains and barren hillsides where only cattle ran. Maps of their area lie upon desks in Tulsa, in New York; excitement and hope follow each drill that smashes through their surface.

Tulsa is best understood after you have been out to the oilfields. For there, plain to the sight, is the process which within these last twenty years has culminated in Tulsa.

The Lure of the Gusher

In 1865 Wright wrote of our first petroleum country (The Oil Regions of Pennsylvania):

> At either Titusville or Oil City the stranger finds himself in a new world. . . . This change addresses itself to every sense. The objects which he is too apt to touch, in spite of all precautions, have a greasy, clammy feel. His nostrils are assailed by gaseous odors, such as they have probably never inhaled before in the open air. Into his ears is continually poured a stream of speech, in a dialogue essentially different from that taught in Webster or Worcester. Such phrases as "surface indications," "dry territory," "developed territory," "oil smeller," with the names of a dozen implements unknown to the outside world. . . . He tastes petroleum

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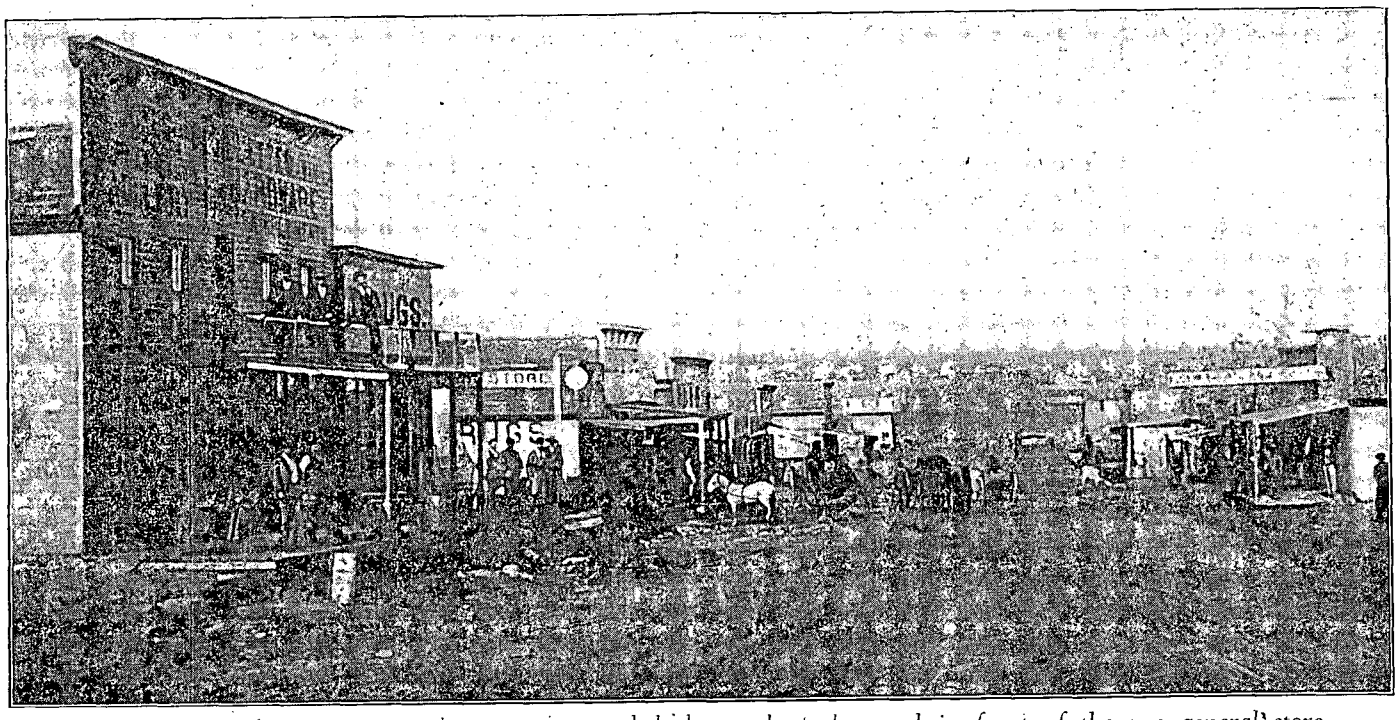

Main Street, Tulsa, in 1893, when steers trampled the mud of the road in front of the one general store

and salt water, of course, to satisfy his curiosity or to acquire information of their qualities. Then he sees—what does he not see, in the line of novelties?—Tall derricks and huge tanks standing on the sidewalks or in gardens; engines running and walking-beams moving sedately up and down in the midst of what remain of the original forests. . . . As preliminary to all these novel spectacles, he has been treated to the filthy streets and wooden sidewalks of Corry, Titusville and Oil City. . . . He has been made acquainted with the luxuries of hotel life especially in regard to sleeping accommodations, with from four to ten straw beds in a single room, each tenanted by one, two or three sufferers, according to the pressure exercised by the traveling public. On the parlor floors he has learned to become reconciled to an inch deep of mud or dust, while the leathery beefsteaks are no longer treated with contempt; for with its many disadvantages, Petrolia has the one transcendent merit of creating a vigorous appetite.

In 1923, when I went out to Oklahoma, we visited first the Bristow field, in Creek County about fifty miles southwest of Tulsa. It is not a new field, having been discovered in 1920, but some new gushers had been brought in recently and on the occasion of my visit it was the scene of a new rush.

The road from Tulsa runs through what appeared to be rough grazing country, dead dry brown in February. The last few miles of the drive was like the approach to Camp Devens at Ayer during the war—a slow crawl along deep ruts behind rumbling trucks, small groups of men walking down the side of the road looking for a lift, piles of lumber and rusty metal every hundred yards, scattered shacks and bunk-houses, a rough encampment in the making. For miles around the center of the field scattered derrick-rigs, most of them deserted, marked the efforts of the wild-catters. We skirted the edge of the business section, bumped along half-paved streets and came out at the edge of the field.

We were upon an elevation which faced the nearby hills, thick timber ranges on which, now closely massed together, now widely separated, rose the tall ungraceful forms of unnumbered derrick-rigs. The air sounded with the steady beat of hammers, and seemed alive with human excitement. A red clay road ran away from our feet up through the hills—madly driven cars dashed by. We felt carried along in a wild, ungoverned pursuit.

We stood under a rig close by the road, in a barren field. A great pool of black oil lay at our feet. Thin pipe-lines ran along to black storage-tanks close by. Three small shacks stood beyond them. We were upon a lease that was just being worked—four walls along the straight line of the formation—four more offset walls on the other side of the lease. Every nearby stretch was the scene of concentrated and purposeful activity. The mind could grasp it but the sight faltered before the disorder. The drills were finding oil in new places—the pumps were bringing it up day and night—there was no rest anywhere, would be none while the oil lay beneath the ground. For many of the wells on the different leases were tapping the same sands and the same pool; the tardy driller would find nothing left.

That is why the discovery of a new field or new sand always brings a rush. The formation is immediately forecast. The neighboring leases are immediately worked. Wells are dug (frequently at a greater depth than 3,000 feet in Oklahoma now) and all equipment necessary for drilling and working them must be brought from the nearest center and hauled out to the fields, pipes must be laid and storage tanks constructed, streets and roads pushed through, houses built and people fed. They live as they can while the work goes on.

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The owners and traders of leases hustle down from wherever they happen to be. The drilling crews and mechanics move in from other fields. The unskilled, the roustabouts, pipe-liners, teamsters, pause in their march or in their work upon farms, and turn towards the new promise. These last come in old Fords, behind teams, on foot, or beat their way in on freights. They are accustomed to live anywhere, in tents or wagons or old field sheds. They are tall, strong, slow-speaking, illiterate, shiftless Americans. They have a natural ability to take care of themselves. Most of them are itinerant workers always on the move; they may drift from the field down to North Texas to help with the wheat harvest, even perhaps down to the Rio Grande, then up towards the Northwest, then drop back to Nebraska and Kansas toward the fall; they may move as far east as Chicago, as far west as the Pacific Coast.

The town itself is not large enough to hold all those who work in the fields, nor near enough for some, nor cheap enough for those who have families and have no work. Many live in shacks among the derricks. They make settlements in the open. These settlements are like the pictures children draw in school, the same absence of arrangement, the same bewildering mass of different objects, the same brokenness of line—merely a collection of sheds, wagons, tents pitched upon a hillside amid the uncut brush and stumps of trees which have gone into the woodpile. Stove pipes issue from holes in the canvas tents; mules and dogs nose their way about the sheds; clothes flap between the limbs of trees; children play around small fires burning here and there.

We stood talking with a teamster on his way back to his tent from the store where he had been buying Karo for the evening meal. He had come in from West Virginia a week before with his team, but there had been hardly any work as yet—the big companies had their trucks—he had watched and only a few teams had gone out that morning—he got eight dollars a day for his team and himself. For the settlement he had scarcely a comment; it was all right while the weather was warm, when it got cold wood was the best fuel. The last day or two the settlement had been getting crowded and then it was apt to get filthy. That last remark called our attention to the fact that for all the disorder and dirt, there was no filth. The ground was clear even of paper. The woodpiles were carefully built up. The wind would find little rubbish to blow about.

It was already dark when we got back to Bristow. The streets of bungalows were lighted. Cars stood before every door. Overhead lights sent a blurred yellow glare over the scene on the main street. Most of the men were still in their oil-field clothes. There was another element observable in dirty, flashy street clothes, the disreputable hangers-on of all varieties, occasionally a woman of the streets. There were noisy gangs before the board hotels, the lunch rooms, clothing shops, and gasoline stations. We had to brush our way by.

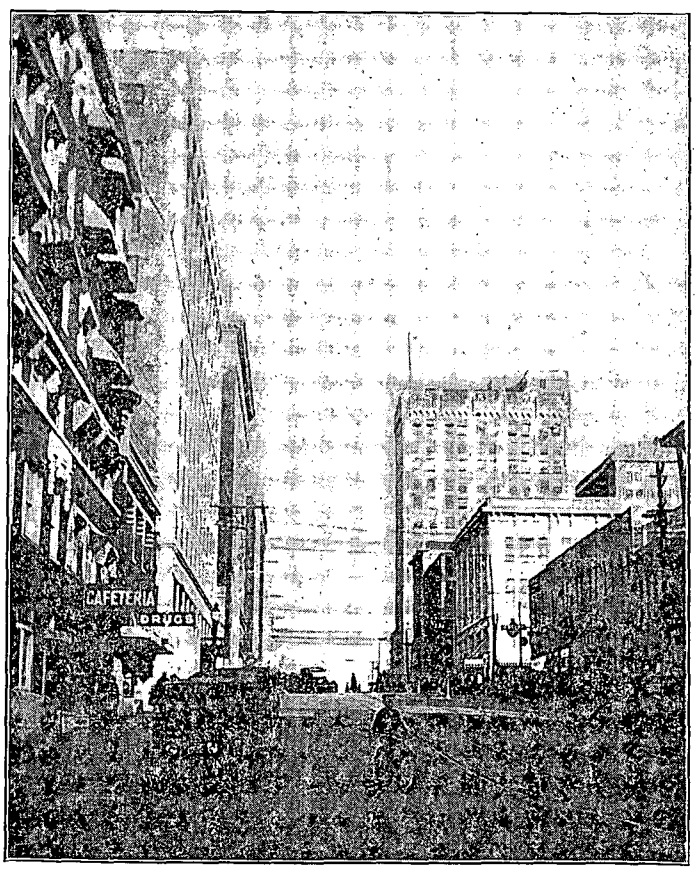
We found a place to eat that looked a little cleaner than the rest. We were prepared for much as we gazed upon the pie-racks. But not for what we found:

Bisque de Velaire a la reine	.40
Fresh Rock Crab Meat Delmonico a la ramekin	1.40
Loin of Spring Lamb-Tiny French Peas	1.20
Black Bass	.90
Strawberry Shortcake	.60

"It was," the waiter who wore a greasy grey tuxedo vest over a striped silk shirt reminded us, "an oil town."

The stir in the streets seemed increased when we came out again. The night had really come. A new feeling came over us as we went about. In the murky light the faces and the actions of the crowd seemed to reflect something sinister, menacing. The men from the oil fields seemed lost among the other characters who pushed by. The laughter sounded loud and vicious. Mean purposes seemed to stalk the streets and unsatisfied desires to scream aloud. We were glad to be out of it as we drove back through the fields.

Tulsa itself is a railroad junction point; at least three sets of railroad tracks run through its streets.



Main Street, Tulsa, today---skyscrapers, automobiles, arclights, telegraph --- a freshman city of the New York school

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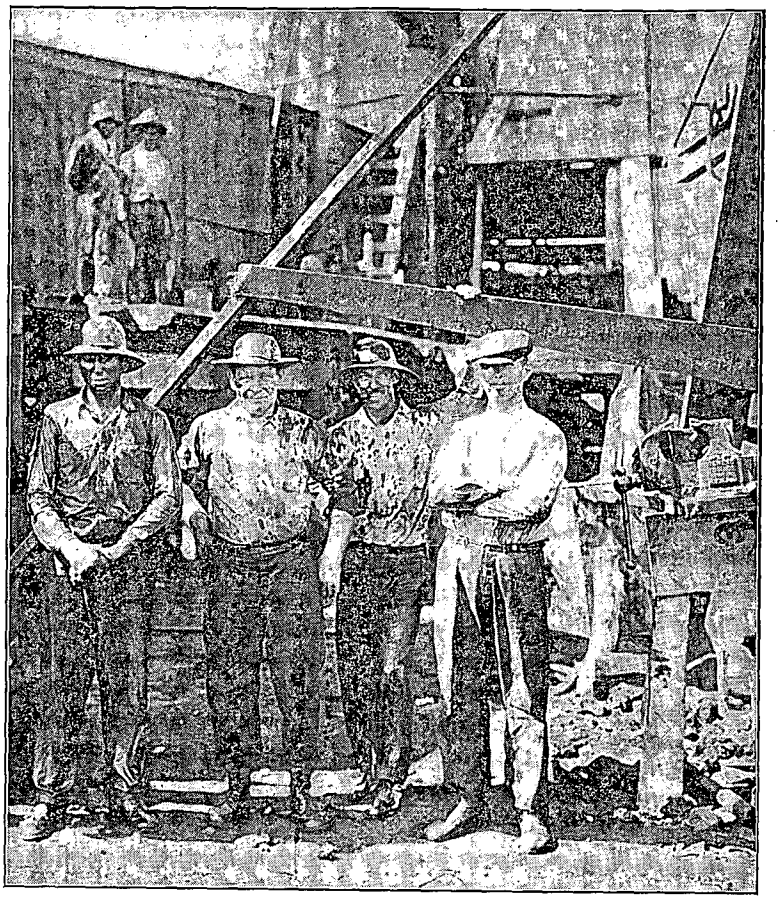
The business area is compact and lies entirely on the south side of the Arkansas River. It used to hug the main tracks once, but as it gradually became the office home of the great oil industry it drew away from them. The old buildings are left behind, two and three-story brick. Small local businesses occupy them still—all the familiar, shabby medley of every middle-sized American town, cheap retail stores, lunch rooms, repair shops, small movies, pool parlors, garages, pawn-brokers, down at the heel hotels—all packed closely next each other.

Midst these and beyond them stand the new office buildings, almost blotting them out of sight. They are the great buildings that the oil companies and the banks have thrown up in their triumph, dominant, lofty structures, skyscraper-like in their conception and their form. Scaffoldings on each street show how their number grow. They are all well, almost handsomely, built. One, the Cosden Building, possesses in smaller scale the grace and purity of the Woolworth Building. As for banks, what took the Guaranty Trust and J. P. Morgan decades to attain in the way of residence, they have reached for in one step. Heavy piles, tall columns, marble halls, shining counters, all is there—each a corner torn away from Wall Street.

As we look upon them we remark, as we were to remark many times again, that this small city reproduces some features of New York more exactly and truly than any other town between. And in thinking this we probably struck near the center of the ambition behind the growth of Tulsa.

Small exclusive shops cluster at the feet of the tall buildings as they do along Fifth Avenue. We had occasion to inquire the price of a simple tea-gown on display in one of the shops. It was one hundred and ten dollars. We appreciated the force of a remark: "What distinguishes Tulsa from all other cities is the fact that the large companies have their offices here. The money is sent here, distributed here, and spent here."



An oil-smeared drilling crew, and behind them part of the well rigging

We stood about the streets a while and watched the crowds. In the newer section there were no surprises. The same people might be walking the streets of any other middle-western city, except for an occasional Indian face. But in the older parts there were marks of the fact that after all this city stands in the southwestern plains in the path of a drifting tide of men. The street corners day and night have their crowds of men who look as if they had just come to town and had no place to go. Many are in khaki shirts, army breeches and high boots—the ordinary dress of the oil fields and the plains. Not so very long ago it is said these men used to ride to town on horse-back. Those who are not dressed as if they had just come in from the oil fields are in working clothes. There are only a few in the street dress of the office section.

The oil industry is, after all, one which keeps its people on the move without notice from cities to rough and barren hillsides. The inhabitants of the tall buildings we saw are only a small part of those who dwell in the domain of oil.

In Oil City ninety-nine out of every hundred persons expect to leave it as soon as they have got "money enough." Hence, on the part of nearly every one, the understanding is to acquire wealth as rapidly as possible, without being too scrupulous as to the means. . . . No impression could be more detrimental to the general well-being of a community than this. It bars all progress, except such as is concerned in momentarily inflating market values. It brings the race-course with its excitement, but not the passable highway with its utility and comfort; . . . the caravansary, not the well-kept hotel; the mountebank with his "gift enterprises," not the sound public teacher; the tribe of Moses, not the class of honorable, public spirited merchants; wild excitements, instead of the purer enjoyments becoming rational and accountable beings. Where no person expects to remain, except for the briefest possible period, who feels interested in giving tone to a community? Who will expend a dime in beautifying house, grounds, etc., adornments which add so much to the sweets of existence in beholders as well as owners? . . .

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The social condition of Petrolia is thus in a measure that of California, for some years after "the gold fever" began to rage. Society remained utterly demoralized until the idea got in some men's heads that "the golden state" might be a desirable place for one's permanent abode. . . . Let this thought only take root . . . and from it will spring up at once a bounteous growth of public spirit, generosity, kindness, accompanied by the march of improvement such as it has never witnessed.—*Wright, The Oil Regions of Pennsylvania, 1865.*

Nowadays in western towns the chamber of commerce is the center of most cooperative efforts. So upon the invitation of its officials, who had received us well, we attended the annual meeting of the Tulsa Chamber of Commerce. It gave us a chance to measure the active, stable forces within the city.

There is no need to paint the picture in detail. All the walls were draped with huge American flags. We listened to a very bad school orchestra. The applause it received, we must believe, was merely an expression of community pride. We stood up and sang America and The Battle Hymn of the Republic together. Perhaps everyone does not believe community singing such a dismal, empty parade as we. But all this was only preparatory to the main business of the evening—the official reports and speeches. The president, an oil man, praised the band. "There is nothing that gives a man purer thoughts or better thoughts than good music." He reviewed the past year of Tulsa's life and growth with satisfaction, gave praise to the work of the committees, complained against the street-lights, prophesied, amid cheers, 250,000 people for Tulsa, and sat down. The committees made their reports on the new Water Project, the Highways, the Southwestern Business Congress, City Planning, and Agriculture. They were brief, stumbling, embarrassed even, and full of business and civic ambition.

It was, you see, a very plain meeting. And the men themselves, as they spoke, were plain. As in all other chambers of commerce, these individuals had associated themselves together primarily to work for their own prosperity through the business prosperity of the community. In Tulsa better business meant a bigger city, and no less important, it meant the development of other industries besides the oil industry, to insure the stability of the city. These were the prime objects the chamber of commerce was bent on accomplishing, and the chief explanation of its existence.

But it would be unfair, we felt, to dismiss the whole meeting with that observation alone. It left something to be accounted for. What were we to make of those crude bursts of sentiment and the talk of ideals that broke into every speech? Were they merely pretenses by which these men were attempt-

Photograph by International Newsreel

An Oklahoma oil field bristling with derricks — seen from an aeroplane

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ing to dress up their aims in their own imagination? Perhaps, but we were inclined rather to believe in the genuineness of the impulses behind them. Some other ideas had grown entangled with their main purposes; some new responsibility which they did not know how to grasp. But, as they put it, they wanted a better city—a city to be proud of. When they said such things as that they were attempting to reach out beyond their own concerns. How could they be told that such an aim was much harder to attain than any feat of industrial advance, how long and devotedly political philosophers had been trying to show us a way to create a "better city." They ransacked their store of ideas—law and order, a better water and park system, a finer hotel, an up-to-date and well equipped school system. These were the gifts they found to bring. They were all means for an end which was lost in the mists of sentiment and the confusion of self-interest. In this meeting in Tulsa, we concluded, we had merely rediscovered once again the predicament of every part of the United States.

Somewhat later we had a chance to talk with two of the men who played a part in the deliberations. The younger man had come from the East ten years ago after graduation from Yale. He was the head of the trust department of one of Tulsa's strongest banks. It had been only an experiment with him at first; he had come out for the training, and looked to return East each year—in those days it was here today and gone tomorrow with almost everyone. But now he knew he would stay; he could remember the day four years ago when he first willingly decided with satisfaction to have his body lie in the cemetery at Tulsa. The rest of the city was settling down as he was, becoming permanent. Ten years ago there was no trust business in Tulsa, the management of all the big estates was handled in the East. Then the banks had awakened to the fact. They had seen that one of the best ways to keep the estates here after their original owner died was to have them managed in Tulsa. All the large banks had established trust companies and now the administration of Tulsa's estates fell to them almost entirely. They would be kept in Tulsa. As for himself, he was proud of the city. It was full of young college men from the East, there were no "old-timers" to keep things from being done—it was full of opportunity.

That bank finances more of the oil industry than any other. On its board of directors there are eastern oil men and western oil men, all of financial power. Tulsa street legend has it (and these legends are told with eyes as round as saucers) that here the largest single check paid in the oil industry was cashed. This bank is housed in gleaming marble and bronze. The president grew up on a farm not far from Tulsa and rose in the oil industry. He was dressed as a younger partner of J. P. Morgan might dress. His first manner was brusque and decided, but as he talked he cast it off for a friendly, almost boyish air. Yet he was never for an instant off his guard against the question he would rather not answer. His doctrine was sound banking doctrine, vividly delivered. As for Tulsa, its continued business growth was beyond doubt; the idea that it rested upon uncertain business was nonsense—the oil business was one of the five greatest in the country. There were eight billions of capital in it now and still not enough—the industry in the future would have to look to the general public for capital even more than in the past. It made no difference if production in some of the nearby fields declined, others just as great would be discovered, Tulsa would be the center of the industry as long as the big oil companies directed their refinery and field operations from there, even foreign companies kept large accounts in Tulsa now. It would remain the center as long as fields were within a thousand, twelve hundred miles—Pittsburgh had retained its importance as long as the fields were within that radius. But that was far off and the day's work remained to be done.

Oil-Field Drift

A chance encounter gave us our best opportunity to talk to one of the thousands who are not so permanently tied up with the city's fortunes. He was an oil-field roustabout who touched us on the street for a meal. He was stockily built, quiet, blue-eyed, and spoke with a slight accent that seemed Scandinavian.

Not very long ago he had drifted in from Salpulpa where he had held his last job in the fields—the last step in a year's round that had taken him from Memphis through Arkansas down into Texas and back to Oklahoma. He did any kind of unskilled work he came across — had begun in the mines seventeen years ago when he first came from Germany near the Danish border. There was a time when he had a few thousands in the bank—all gone now. His last job at Salpulpa had lasted twenty days, four dollars a day—fifty cents a night for a cot in a shack, a dollar a day for meals, the rest hadn't lasted long.

Hadn't done as well as he thought when he first came into the country?

He shrugged his shoulders quietly. It might have been worse. He hadn't expected much.

Was he married?

No, what was the sense in that—he did not want a family to support. Take it up at Ponca City, a new field on the Frisco, during the cold weather there were fifteen thousand too many men looking for work, families living in "drifters," prairie wagons, unable to keep warm—there had been six cases of women running away and leaving the children behind.

(*Continued on page* 50)

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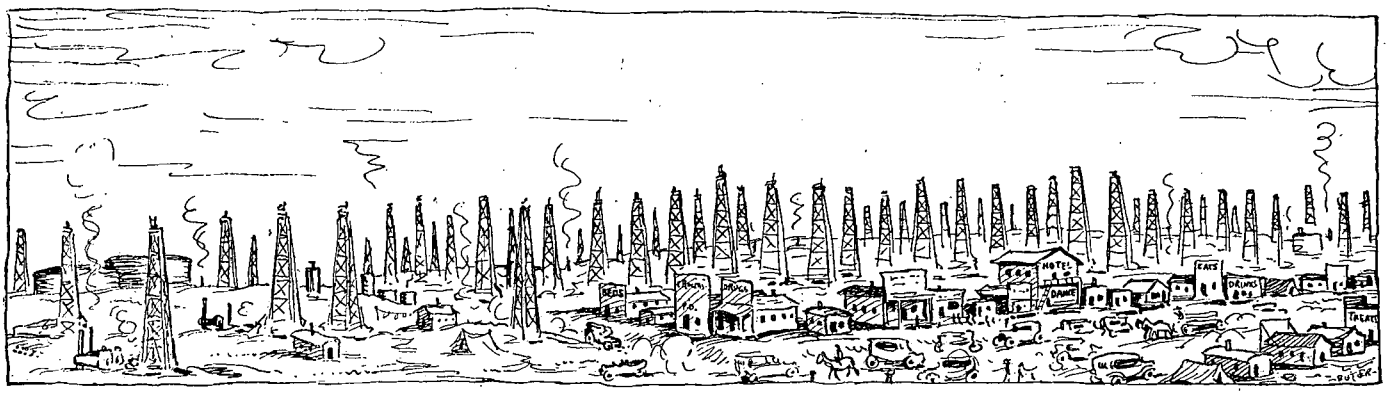

In Full Boom

By McALISTER COLEMAN

SKETCHES BY ALBAN B. BUTLER, JR.

NEWSPAPER readers are scarcely to be blamed if they have formed a mental picture of the state of Oklahoma during the past few months as a beleagured country across which men in the khaki of the National Guard and the white hoods of the Ku Klux Klan march and countermarch. First Okmulgee, then Tulsa and later many small towns round about Tulsa are placed under martial law at the command of an amazing governor who with equal emphasis denounces "radicals" one day and "armed bands" the next. One reads of men kidnapped on the streets of one of the largest cities in the state, stripped and flogged unmercifully while the local police look on with indifference; one reads of Klan initiations attended by 30,000 persons, of the formation of masked and hooded mobbists who in their turn flog Klansmen, of citizens being told when to go to bed and when to get up, of a state of affairs in short that is reminiscent of the old California days of Vigilantes and swaggering "bad men."

And then one goes to Oklahoma City or Tulsa and walks through broad, beautifully lighted business districts with standardized skyscrapers, luxurious moving-picture houses, up-to-the-instant hotels. Or one goes along tree-lined boulevards where the oil men have called in the pick of Eastern architects to build for them residences in the very best of taste. And one wonders where all the shootings and beatings-up are.

The contradiction is not altogether difficult to explain. There are visible evidences in the oil fields of Oklahoma today of the backgrounds of the "respectables" whose solid pioneering achievements were inevitably bound up with a gambler's contempt for authority, a "red-blooded" disregard for the sacredness of human life and a small boy's love of dressing up and joining secret societies.

In a few years from now the men and women who are living in the boom towns out on the fields will have made their piles (some of them) and be busy with architects' drawings for the big new homes on Classon Boulevard, Oklahoma City. But just now they are living in one-story, unpainted box-car shacks out in the mud and dust under the shadow of the derricks, swaggering and gambling and working long hours and now and then shooting one another to the great mortification of their reformed predecessors.

When I started for the fields, oil had meant to me, as to most New Yorkers, prospectuses in the hands of sleek, sealy-haired young salesmen who spoke alluringly of gushers and great wealth. Time and again they had sought me out over the telephone or in person, so glib, so confident of themselves and my gullibility that the very mention of oil roused my darkest suspicions.

Oil as something you could stick your finger in as it came up out of the ground was not within range

One of "these here laws"

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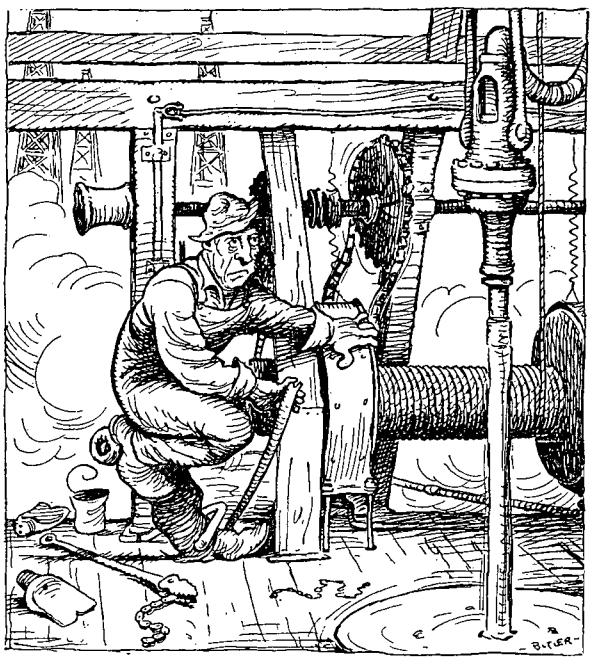
of my skeptical, metropolitan experience. It seemed as remote from the world of reality as Spanish engineers or Canadian gold mines. I had some vague sense of its importance in a world of power-driven machines, but as an important part of the fuel resources of the country, oil wasn't one, two, three with coal. You see I had been down in coal mines, lived in several coal camps, known oodles of men who dug coal for a living and not one who tried to sell me coal stock.

"Just come along with me," said Jim Jenkins, who took me in tow soon after my arrival in Oklahoma City, "I'll show you something besides prospectuses and salesmen."

Mr. Jenkins is a practical oil man in every sense of the word. What's more, he's an independent oil man who took no small pleasure in telling the La Follette committee what he knows about the ways of the Standard. So we felt in safe hands, my wife and I, and went along.

We drove north from Oklahoma's capital along ninety miles of a road red with dust, deep with ruts and traversed by occasional covered wagons driven by tenant farmers abandoning their crops ruined by floods, drouths and speculators. The road climbed and dipped roller-coasterwise until suddenly we came through a red cloud to the top of a ridge and stopped.



A "swivel-neck"—rotary driller

"There she is," said Jenkins. We sat looking out over a far flung, man-made forest of titan trees thrusting up in the midst of the prairies. Great clouds bellied down for back-drops. Thick dust danced in the heat waves above, while all about the feet of the stark derricks rose little white puffs of steam. It was the Tonkawa oil field, one of the largest in the world, and the unexpected sight of it, after hours of sickly corn stalks and monotonous cotton patches, took us by the throats.

Coal tipples against the twilight, the flare of steel mills on a Pennsylvania sky, a crowded freight-yard at night—these have a way of reaching to the industrial soul of any American, but I know of nothing more blatantly gripping (sorry, but that's the word) than the first sight of an oil field in active operation. My wife said later she felt like cheering when we stopped on that ridge and even Jenkins' experienced eyes lightened as he looked over the wind-shield.

A year ago there had been nothing there; nothing but occasional haystacks and squat farmhouses and the wonted bleakness of an Oklahoma landscape. Almost overnight a new race of beings had sprung from out of the ground and were now digging back, flinging up those gracefully slender derricks, drilling down with those artfully contrived tools, desperately in search of the sluggish, loathsome, fascinating treasure that the sands of Tonkawa contain. I used to think the writers of oil prospectuses used tall language. Shucks, with the material they have, they should be able to turn out copy that would make John Reed or Jack London or Kipling read like the International Sunday School leaflets.

Three Sands was the first boom town on the way to Tonkawa and at Three Sands we stopped, feeling for all the world like outsiders in some absurdly exaggerated Wild West movie set. Past our car flowed the restless, blustering life of the town, now choking the dirt strip that was Main Street, now overflowing onto the three-foot banking on either side, which served for sidewalks. With great banging of screen doors, shuffling of feet on rickety planks and drawling of Western voices, roustabouts, drillers, Indians and cowpunchers, gamblers, hop-heads and prostitutes, contractors and their swaggering crews, tool-dressers, farmers, pipe-layers and teamsters drifted by in costumes that almost preposterously identified them, while we sat with mouths hung open.

"We don't believe it," exclaimed my wife and I to Jenkins. "It isn't real. It's movie stuff. No one but an extra man in a Bill Hart film could be as tough as that youngster in the Stetson with the gun on his hip—and look at the Wayside Cafe."

"Let's go in," said Jenkins, "and talk with the proprietor."

We lined up at the "soft-drink" bar over which was a sign reading "No Swearing. Ladies Must Be Respected Here." A lady in a boudoir cap, bungalow apron and the full war-paint of a scalp-collecting Arapahoe was telling her escort what low-down, black-livered — — were those Laws who had been bumped off. And she didn't mean maybe.

We ordered more root beer to give us time to collect further details as to the demise of the evidently unpopular police force. These were gladly supplied by the proprietor.

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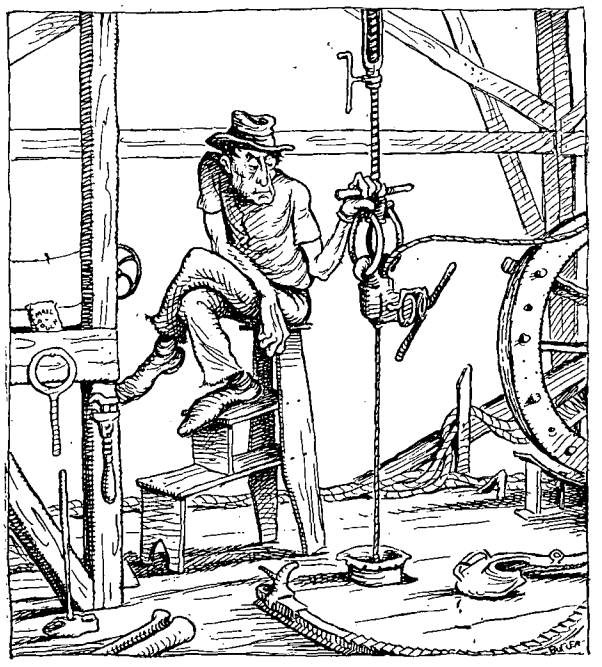
"These here Laws," he explained, "was looking for this Cherokee Injun who hadn't done nothing to them. One of these Laws was this Hookey Miller. They called him Hookey on account of him having his right hand shot off when he was after a hi-jacker who had hid up in the scrub oaks outside of Ponca City. He had rigged up a bale-hook where his hand had been and it was some powerful weapon. He could slap a man down with it like a fly and then yank his teeth straight out. I'm saying it was a mean weapon. The other Law was Two-Gun Johnny Middleton who come here when we opened up last fall. He had the reputation of being a tough bird and did a lot of strutting around, with a gun strapped to each hip. Last June he rode up to a tent where he heard some hop-heads was, and fired into it promiscuous. I ain't got no use for hop-heads neither but that don't look to me like a decent way to break them of their low habits.



A "rope choker"—cable tool driller

"Well, last week they set out, the two of them, with Hookey in front, to run this Injun out of town, they having no use for Injuns. They found him eating dinner in Maggie's cafe across the way. He knew they was hard eggs and wasn't taking no chances. This Injun had served in France with the Eighty-ninth division and was a crack shot. So as soon as the Laws start shooting he drilled them both. Yes sir, he shot Hookey spang dead. Knocked him for a gool right where he stood. He put three bullets into Two-Gun Johnny who must have been more energetic than Hookey or something, for he ran a whole block before he dies. You can see the place where he fell, right down there by that hitch-rack."

We surveyed the scene of the tragedy and returned for further research.

"What are they going to do with the Indian?" we asked.

"Oh, they got him in jail up at Tonkawa but he'll go free. Nobody here liked them Laws. Why they had them both laid out in the undertaking parlor and everyone that went in to look at them come out laughing like they had been at a comical opera. Yes sir, just like they had been at a comical opera."

The proprietor was silent for awhile lost in recollection of that Homeric mirth. Then he volunteered the fact that Three Sands had a new Law.

"He's tough," he said of the latest to take up constabulary duty, "but not like them two. He watched his step when he first come and kept away from fights. Some of the boys thought they could ride him on account of what happened to Hookey and Two-Gun Johnny. They started to push him around, but he picked the biggest one out of the bunch (that was a six-foot tool-dresser named Handsome) and held him by the chest while he shot the tip of Handsome's ear off. Since then he ain't had no trouble to speak of."

We searched earnestly for trace of guile in the proprietor's level gaze and then drifted out to inspect the new Law. From what we observed, we concluded that he was fully capable of un-earing any one. He was marching down Main Street towards a group in enthusiastic contemplation of a fist fight. At his approach, men melted away as snow-flakes in an Oklahoma Spring.

Box-car houses, they call the square wooden shacks that press together for half a mile on either side of Three Sands's Main Street. Never a lick of paint nor a hint of paving all down the street. Always a background of derricks above the false second stories of the raw boxes, and signs in every window: "Rooms and bath 50 cents."—"The Smackover Cafe—Soft Drinks and Cigars."—"The Cozy Theater"—(featuring Wild West reels)—"Furniture, Shoe-Shop and Undertaking"—"Maggie and Jiggs Eating Place." And drug stores, drug stores everywhere but little soft to drink. In the shadeless windows huge women sleep on army cots with uncomfortable twitching of bare feet, fly-pestered. In and out of shacks towards the end of the row, where family life makes its determined stand, a few dirty children drag dogs and cats and goats around in the dust.

The predominance of men took one back to the great sweating, surging life of a southern training-camp during the war, minus the discipline of course. Big men, burned Indian red, wearing huge-brimmed Stetson hats and milling about in front of the post-office which shares one-half of a shack with the grocery store. Little shifty-eyed, pallid-checked men, the gamblers and boot-leggers, going furtively in and out of back doors. Quick

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spoken, authoritative, firm-mouthed men, the contractors and foremen, looking for roustabouts and teamsters. Happy-go-lucky, humorous, pioneering men who always show up when an oil town begins and leave just before the glory fades.

In and out among the automobiles backing and skidding through all the jammed street, under the noses of horses straining under huge collars at the heavy loads of pipe, past kicking cow-ponies and thundering auto-trucks, the men of the oil fields go about their business with a certain appealing air of boyish swagger.

We went to see them at work and stood on the rocking platform of a rotary drill while the crew screamed at us above the tremendous din of clattering chains and coughing engines and the snarl of drills going round and round. Twelve hundred feet or so beneath us a fish-tail bit was eating through clay and rock into one of the oil-bearing sands that underlie all the Tonkawa fields. Through a sluice at the side, muddy water and oil was pouring out to be sucked in and used all over again to lubricate the tools.

At a derrick nearby they were cable tool drilling. The great drums over which the cables ran were the bull-wheels and the wire that dangled from the derrick top far overhead, was working the bit into depths greater than most coal diggers ever reach.

"It's blind mining, son," said an old driller, "this equipment cost $22,000 and there's always the chance of a dry hole at the end of it all. Not so much chance of course in a field like this with six different sands at depths that vary from seventeen hundred to twenty-six hundred feet and thickness all the way from ten to fifty feet. But still there's always the chance. The big companies, the ones that lease this field, for example, like the Marland Refining Company and the Cosden Oil and Gas Company—they can afford it. It's the little fellows, the wild-catters, who take the chance. Of course what they're always hoping for is a well like the one that took 9,038 barrels out of the Endicott Sand over there in one day. They look at the peak production, when in one week last June the field yielded 115,806 barrels, and they say, 'That field isn't defined yet, we'll wild-cat out here on the borderline and maybe we'll strike it.' "

A new shift arrived, joking with the tired, oil-spattered men they were relieving.

"How long do you work?" I asked.

"It's a twelve-hour trick," was the answer.

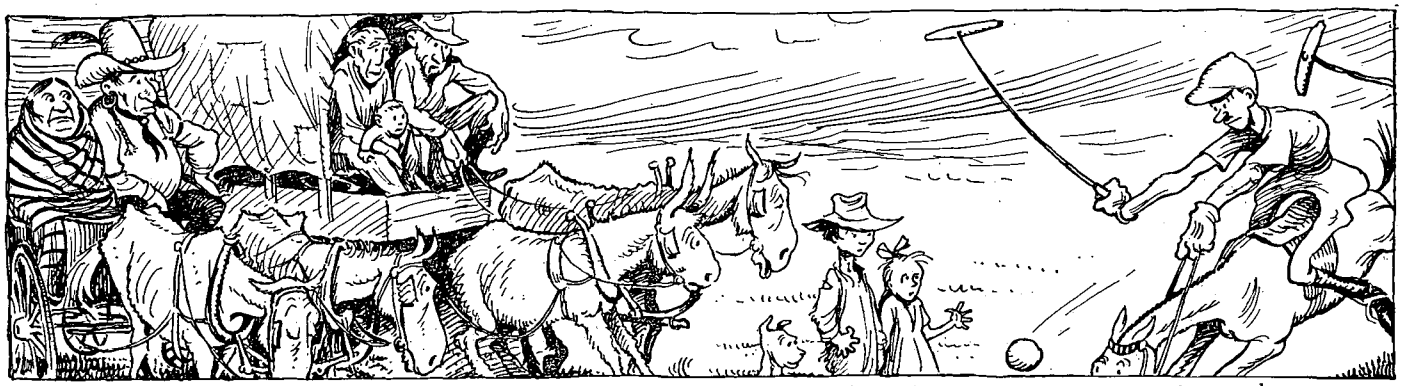
They told me, the foremen and superintendents told me, that oil workers are different from other labor. "Better types," they assured me. "Have no use for unions. Never have been organized. They get good pay and don't mind working twelve hours."

I wondered. There was no spontaneous outbreak of enthusiasm for the long shift on the part of those I interviewed. Quite to the contrary. Nor did I find an antipathy for unionism. In fact I found a number of I. W. W. card-holders. The Wobblies are almost alone in attempts to organize the southwest field.

In California where there's a strong union of oil workers, the Standard of California has adopted the eight-hour day throughout the entire organization. It doesn't seem to interfere with production either. Witness the testimony of K. R. Kingsbury, president of the Standard of California before the La Follette Committee:

"It (the eight-hour day) has been very beneficial to us, we believe, and we can see the result of it in increased efficiency and esprit de corps. Whether it has paid or not in dollars and cents I might illustrate by saying that the first six months it was in effect in the oil fields in the producing department the labor cost per foot of hole drilled was less than for the corresponding six months under the old twelve-hour day notwithstanding that there was an apparent 50 per cent increase in the payroll."

Explanations galore there are for not organizing the oil workers: desultory employment, high wages for hard work at short intervals, natural individualism of the pioneer-type, etc., etc.; and not one of them that might not apply to the organization of coal diggers. But there they were, 10,000 workers in the Tonkawa field alone and the nearest organizers, two Wobblies, beaten up by a mob at Port Arthur, Texas. (*Continued on page 59*)



From his covered wagon a lank, sun-beaten harvester watched—of all things in this amazing country!—a polo game

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Fish! Fish!

By WILLIAM AKERS

THE jailer was methodical. He searched every seam and cranny in my clothes and heaped up all the odds and ends of pocket wealth and trash upon his slant-topped desk. He divided this heap, at my direction, into two parts, one to be destroyed and one to be kept in the safe. With clumsy thumb and pudgy hand he wrote the score into the ledger. There was an air of finality about the proceedings.

Then came the measuring up. All my physical endowments were recorded. I felt no more resentment at the process than would a cow or horse. But I was interested, critical.

The great steel door swung open, at last, and I passed inside. A visitors' screen, of steel bars and fine meshed wire, curved about me, reaching to the ceiling. The jailer jangled his keys loudly and opened another door. Some one slouched noiselessly forward, swallowing as he came. He did not look at me but at the holder of the keys.

"Put him in the federal tank," ordered the jailer.

"Upper or lower?" asked the trusty, picking his teeth with grimy forefinger.

"Lower. And give him a set up."

"Is he alive?"

"Uh-huh."

The door closed behind me and I followed the trusty up the wide hall that served as corridor and visiting place. Doors led out at intervals, but they were steel doors with gratings.

A pile of vile smelling blankets lay heaped in one corner. The trusty smiled at me and offered to let me take my pick.

"Two you can have," he said.

He threw a canvas strip upon the floor and I placed blankets upon it.

"Wait here a second," he said. "And I'll get your tools."

He walked to the far end of the shadowy hall and disappeared behind a screen, returning with a well-worn enamelware plate, a bowl and a large spoon. He tossed them with the blankets, and my "set up" was complete.

The sight of spoon and plate stirred my clamoring stomach.

"Too late for supper now," grunted the trusty in answer to my question.

The half day of hard work in the sawmill yards, the long walk, the trip and the grueling in the offices of the Department of Justice, all had conspired to further a ravenous appetite. The special agent who made the arrest had delayed at the mill with promise of a meal in town. He had then postponed hope of food until arrival at the county jail. This, too, was now a shattered promise.

Hate flamed through me. I picked up the canvas strip with its burden and followed the trusty, cursing to myself.

With unnecessary violence my guide rattled his keys as he prepared to open the grated door towards which we had been moving. A confused noise at once commenced inside. Some one cried in a high pitched voice—"Fish! Fish!" There was trampling, as of feet upon steel, and then—silence.

The door swung open. A great steel box almost filled the gloomy basement room. It stood close to, yet touched none of the plastered walls, and was even perched a foot or so off the concrete floor. A grim two-storied steel building that squatted, skeleton-like, within a cubic tomb.

A tall man could stand upright upon either floor, but could touch the riveted and welded roof with his elbows. It was so constructed that the jailers could pass around the outside of each story of the tank. They could look into each cell and corridor without the inmates being able to interfere.

Another great door yawned open and I entered dazedly. As the barred entrance clanged shut I deposited my equipment upon the floor and gazed

Under the Kangaroo Courts

THERE was O. Henry, there was William Sydney Porter, there was No. — on the books of the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus. Like O. Henry, William Akers is a pen name; like William Sydney Porter he has won his way in the world of affairs since the days of his incarceration; for like No. — he has served time. And like his talented prototype his stories are blocked out from real life. In this and in succeeding sketches William Akers will set down experiences which not only rarely reveal human nature but which also, like quicksilver, hold up before us in the Kangaroo Courts a reflection and commentary on our whole blundering system of courts and jails and prisons in dealing with the delinquent or the non-conformist.

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with some apprehension at the three figures seated on boxes before a rickety table.

"Welcome, stranger," said a blue-eyed jovial-faced young man, whose frank smile sent a cheerful warmth through me. I replied to him with a sophistication which I was far from feeling. "Hello," I said, "This is a fine little jail you have here."

The three looked at me more critically. From the far corner of the tank I heard whispering voices. Then the form of the trusty slid past the end of the corridor, and completing the silent circle of the steel box passed thougth the outer door with a sound of jingling keys, clanking lock and resounding noises of steel door grating on steel.

A second member of the trio on the boxes turned his head towards the cell where the trusty had been whispering. "Hey Sheriff," he cried, "Vot vill ve do vit dis guy?"

A strange clanking noise of chains was heard. From the corner cell a soldier in uniform came mincing out, taking steps only about eighteen inches long. His ankles were encased in shackles which were connected by a heavy chain. The clear healthy complexion, the cherubic countenance, the musical timbre of his voice, the vigor of his movements, all left a pleasant impression. I was attracted and yet not trustful.

"Hello," he said with a flashing smile. "Guess we'll put you in with the 'Judge.'" He shuffled to the door of a cell next his own. "Judge," he said to some one within, "Here's a playmate for you."

Out of the door with nervous step lurched a tall, gangling youth. His face was pasty, and dark circles underlined his eyes. His hands shook even as they hung limply at his sides. Plainly he was a nervous wreck.

"Well," he said indecisively as he ran his long emaciated fingers through the tousled mop of his blonde hair, "Show him how to put up his canvas. I guess—I can't help much."

The jovial person who had spoken to me first jumped to obey. The canvas strip which enclosed my blankets and dishes was whipped from around this property. By means of straps we fastened it taut to the steel eyes riveted to the walls of the cell. This little steel room was just seven by seven feet in length and width and was seven feet high. There were "eyes" for four canvas hammock-bunks. With two of us crowded inside we were only filled up to 50 per cent of the rated capacity.

I had scarcely finished arranging my blankets on my new hung bed before the "Sheriff" came to the door of the cell and inquired casually, "Kinda hungry?"

"You bet I am. Haven't had a bite since five-thirty this morning," I answered truthfully, and with some anxious expectancy, for there was that in his modulated intonation which bade me hope.

"That's hell," he said in the same even tones. "We have had grub already. Maybe I can scare up a bite anyway." He turned and leaned against the door jamb.

"Anybody save any spuds?" he inquired. "This guy hasn't had anything to eat since before Christ. I got two eggs. Lend me some grease, Harry. Huh?"

Voices spoke up from various angles. One by one cold boiled potatoes were brought forth until there were four of them to supply the basis for the meal. A can of lard was dug up and the shackled "Sheriff" busied himself over a tiny oil stove in the half-cell where stood the bathtub and toilet. An odor soon crept out upon the dead air that was the sweetest to assail my senses for many a day. A plate piled high with fried potatoes and garnished with two golden centered eggs was set before me. A chunk of war bread completed the array.

These, my comrades to be, were humanly generous, sociable and kindly. My heart swelled gratefully within me in swift reaction. Contact with the limbs of the law had left only bitterness. For a moment I was close to tears.

What Kangarooing Means

THE American jail seldom furnishes enough food to incarcerated prisoners to maintain them in physical alertness. Hence the almost universal custom of allowing prisoners to buy food from outside grocers to supplement the rations.

The bitter anomaly exists, however, that those with money seldom stay long under duress. Bail is extended to them, legal technicalities aid them and, finally, their ability to pay a fine makes delivery sure even when convicted of minor crimes. Major infractions are punishable by penitentiary sentences, so whether found guilty or innocent, the county and city jail does not have moneyed men for steady guests.

The Kangaroo Court seems at first acquaintance to be an attempt to level up the inequalities of property to the extent of providing a small sum to those who have not at the expense of those who have. A fine, imposed or "kangarooed" from each newcomer with money, is divided equally among all previous inmates. Thus does the Kangaroo Court impose its income tax for the benefit of the needy and the old-timers.

More than this, however, the Kangaroo Court is a democratic institution of self-government. In the West, where its existence is welcomed by jailers, it relieves these hard-laboring gentry of much worry and effort. Besides its decrees seem to be much more efficient than any jailor-made rules. From personal experience I know that the Kangaroo Court works.

W. A.

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Never did meal taste so good.

As I washed up the dishes I was aware of a gathering air of restraint in the seven men about me. They whispered occasionally to each other. Some one said, "We'll have to hurry if we get it over before lockup time."

No sooner was plate, spoon and frying pan put away than in a theatrically sonorous voice the "Sheriff" called out, "Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Roll out! Session of the Kangaroo Court!"

He repeated this formula several times, hobbling rapidly from cell to cell with exaggerated solemnity.

The methods of Kangaroo Courts were not altogether unknown to me. Fellow workers had spoken of them occasionally and I knew them to be recognized institutions in most jails west of the Mississippi. So when the "Sheriff" grasped me firmly under the arm and informed me that I was under arrest, I was not altogether at a loss.

A flaw in the usual formalities developed when it was found that the "Judge" was too nervous to preside. After some discussion the "Sheriff" was instructed to proceed by filling both posts.

Order was called for.

"What is the name of the prisoner?" asked the shackled soldier looking directly at me.

I answered promptly.

"Very well, William Akers. You are now under the jurisdiction of the Honorable Kangaroo Court. You are charged with a serious offense which it is the duty of this court to consider. We shall proceed to find you guilty and punish you accordingly, as the laws provide. You are charged with willfully entering the presence of the complainants in this case, of deliberately breaking into their domicile without having received an invitation from them. This is a serious crime. In fact it constitutes burglary in the first degree. You are so charged. Do you ask for benefit of counsel?"

With this the dignified air disappeared. With a wink he leaned across the table and whispered loudly to me so that all could hear. "I might as well tell you that it will do no good to ask for counsel anyway because you are guilty. Here you are. That is exhibit A. Nobody in this residence asked you to come in so of course you're guilty. Besides anybody we would appoint for you would double-cross you anyway."

"Order in the court!" he shouted, although he had been the only one speaking. He assumed his grave manner once more. "Does the prisoner desire counsel?"

"No, your Honor," I replied humbly.

"Do you understand the charge as entered in the indictment?"

"Yes, your Honor."

"Do you plead guilty to unlawful and unwelcome entry?"

"I do."

"Then to the jury I make this charge. This guy pleads guilty to the charge of housebreaking in the worst degree. It is your duty to find him guilty and if you want to stand in with the court you better go the limit. How about it?"

A chorus of grunts was rendered by the "jury" who were gathered about, some sitting on the cold steel floor and others leaning against the walls.

"Guilty as hell," interpreted the "Sheriff," as he produced a well thumbed document resembling legal foolscap.

Excerpts from the Code, Kangaroo Court, Tacoma Jail

THE following laws are approved by the Supreme Court of the State of Washington, [!] which Honorable Body grants full authority to the officers of this Kangaroo Court of Pierce County Jail, of the City of Tacoma, County of Pierce, State of Washington, to carry out and enforce all provisions herein laid down:

All money secured through fines is to be distributed equally to all members of the court. Prisoners are entitled to a share in court receipts after forty-eight hours incarceration within the jurisdiction of the court.

If in the opinion of the members of the court some utensil for common use is desired, the funds or any part of them may be set aside until such article is purchased. Property held in common such as oil stoves, pans and other utensils shall be for the use of all, subject to the rules of the court which it shall be the duty of the Sheriff to enforce.

All funds shall be kept by the Judge of the court and an accounting to the members shall be rendered upon request.

* * *

The floor of the premises under the jurisdiction of the court shall be scrubbed once each day. This shall be done at the direction of the Judge or Sheriff, whose authority with the support of the jury members is to be unquestioned.

No garbage is to be thrown into the toilet.

Baths must be taken at least once a week or oftener upon order of the court. Any one using the bath must cleanse the tub thoroughly after use.

All slop buckets must be kept in sanitary condition.

The food for all members of the court shall be delivered into the charge of the Judge and Sheriff who shall supervise its distribution to all inmates in an equitable manner.

All noise shall cease after ten o'clock, the jailer holding the court officers responsible for the enforcement of this rule.

Any disorder or disturbance among the prisoners shall be treated as a severe misdemeanor to be punished by the court in regular session.

No prisoner may enter the cell of another prisoner except by express consent of the occupant.

* * *

Punishment for these offences and any others considered detrimental to the public welfare may be imposed by the court upon recommendation of the jury. The punishments may range from sentences of one day at floor cleaning to many days, to special cleaning jobs, financial fines, and dips in the bathtub.

In each case a fair and impartial trial must be given and under no circumstances is appeal to the jailer to be denied any member of the court.

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"Before pronouncing judgment on this criminal I will read the law to him so that he will know where he gets off at."

The wording of that legal document was direct and to the point. The organization of the court was explained. The selection of judge and sheriff, the appointment of a prosecuting attorney and defense attorney upon application, were all regularly provided for. The charges to be preferred against one who forced himself upon the inmates of any jail without first asking the consent of the residents was the first crime considered. This crime I had already confessed to.

"The sentence in this case shall be a fine not to exceed $2.50 for the first offense." The "Sheriff" emphasized this provision as he read it. "In case the prisoner refuses payment of this sum, he shall be charged $1 more. This amount shall be added to his fine for each refusal until the sum of $5 may be reached. Beyond this amount the court shall not charge any offender at one time.

"If the prisoner has no money he shall be duly allotted to serve as floor cleaner until his fine is worked out at the rate of ten cents each day."

The presiding officer having finished reading cleared his throat. "The prisoner having pleaded guilty to the action as charged I will now proceed to pass sentence. The prisoner, William Akers, is fined two dollars and four bits, to be paid to the court from his funds held in the office of the jailer."

I agreed to pay with inward misgivings, for I had only four dollars in the little cache confiscated by the jailer.

"Walt, make out an order on Jim for two and a half, payable to the court," continued the officer.

The jovial person who had greeted me with his "Welcome, stranger," got paper and pencil and wrote out the order. The sheriff took his ironware plate and with quick motions scraped the edge back and forth across the bars. A tremendous din resulted. Almost at once the trusty rattled the keys, and, opening the outer door, glided into the room outside the tank. He carried away the order.

The "Sheriff" then adjourned court. At once he came to my side. "My name is Pidd," he said, "George Pidd." I was thunderstruck. The name of George Pidd had occupied headline space in all the northwestern papers a few months previously. A soldier in a northwestern cantonment in war time, he had almost murdered a taxi-driver whose body had been tossed aside in an out-of-the-way place. Its discovery had been accidental at a time when no hopes were held for the victim. A court-martial had passed speedy sentence of life imprisonment upon Pidd. Then the case had dropped into obscurity. I could not understand why Pidd should be in a civilian jail. But now was no time for idle inquiries.

However Pidd read my surprise with his quick hard eyes. He laughed musically and pleasantly and with careless gesture he said, "First degree murder is mine. What's yours?"

"Refused to register," I answered defiantly.

"Slacker, huh?" But there was no trace of scorn in his voice. It was as though he had said doctor or farmer. Then he added, "You have a stiff jolt ahead of you, but that's nothing. I could do the term you'll get standing on my ear. The "Judge" in there was too damn mean to fight too. He got the book. When the old 'cutor looks at your manly form, "the bench" will just throw away the key. That's all!"

"Meet Walt over here," he said introducing me to the cheerful welcomer who had written out the order to the jailer. "Walt is charged with being a bum mail-robber. He hasn't seen his nibs yet, but according to his run of luck he will be with us for some time.

"Also meet Nils. As a sailor Nils is A. B.—but as a bootlegger he fizzles right out. In four months Nils will go out and hear the birdies again.

"Hans and Fritz used poor judgment by being born in Germany. They won't be here long. As soon as the dumbells down in the department find out that they never had a loose idea they will be turned out to graze with the rest of the sheep. If the department don't find it out they will get shipped over to the Utah bull pen—dangerous spies!—Hey Hans?

"Last of all here is Mickey the Mexican. All he ever did was grin. He will be wheeled out of here some day soon when they get you slackers on the run and need more room. He saw the moon one night and went down to sit on the end of a munitions dock to get a closer look. Some jack-rabbit shot missed him or else all his troubles would be over."

The snappy sentences pepped us all up. All the passions and hates of the war-mad world outside seemed far away. I was actually glad to be present, at least able to be myself unguardedly. I joined in the slangy chatter. Strange bits of prison phraseology were made clear to me. A whole world of new sensations, ideas and viewpoints were to be explored. An exaltation crept through me.

Then a regular tramp, tramp, tramp, of slovenly feet started on the steel floor close to our heads. The prisoners in the upper tank were joining in a march about the narrow corridor. They started to sing a catchy song, lifted bodily from the I. W. W. song book. Some of us grew restless and moved back and forth in the narrow space. Soon a line was formed of marching, stamping men, swinging hip and shoulder and scraping feet around the darkening hole. I joined in the step, shouting snatches of the song, feeling the acceleration of the rhythm.

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THE LIFE SONG OF THE PEOPLE

Paintings and Sketches by Jerome Myers

"All my life I had lived, worked and played in the poorest streets of American cities. I knew them and their population and was one of them. Others saw ugliness and degradation there, I saw poetry and beauty, so I came back to them. I took a sporting chance of saying something out of my own experience and risking whether it was worth while or not. That is all any artist can do."

This is the understanding Jerome Myers has brought to his art; and as a consequence his visions of our slums are in the great tradition of *genre*. His is the brooding quality that constitutes the dignity of a homely art. He has made something enduring in his interpretations of the masses of people escaping from the relentless crowding of our East Side to find pleasure in a park concert, freedom on a recreation pier, gaiety in the celebration of a religious festival. His work is that of a pioneer—like that of Meunier and of Whitman, and his point of view has much in common with theirs. He has brought forth a new beauty and has been called by many a "prophet of democracy" in our graphic arts.

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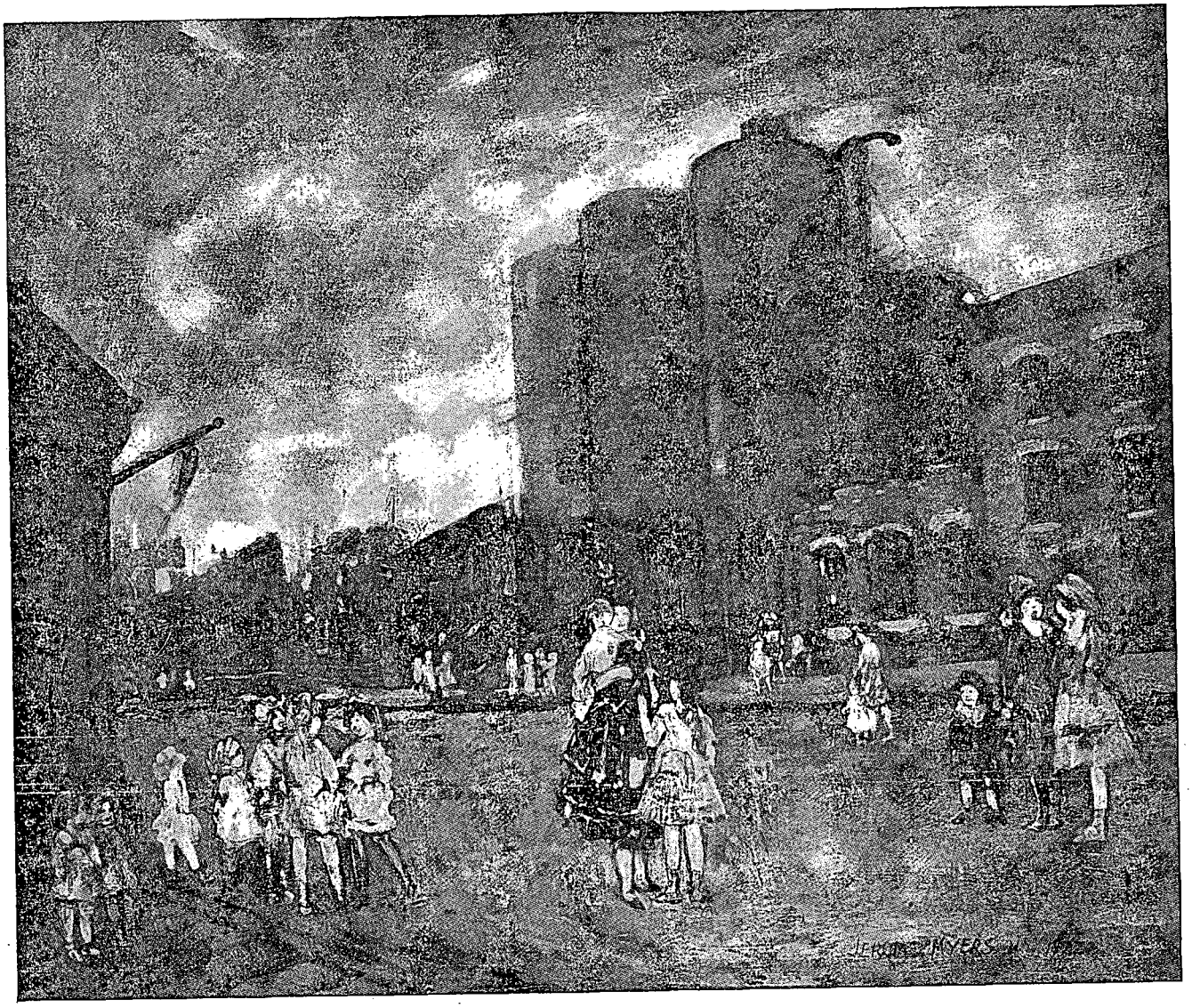

THE END OF THE STREET

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EVENING RECREATION

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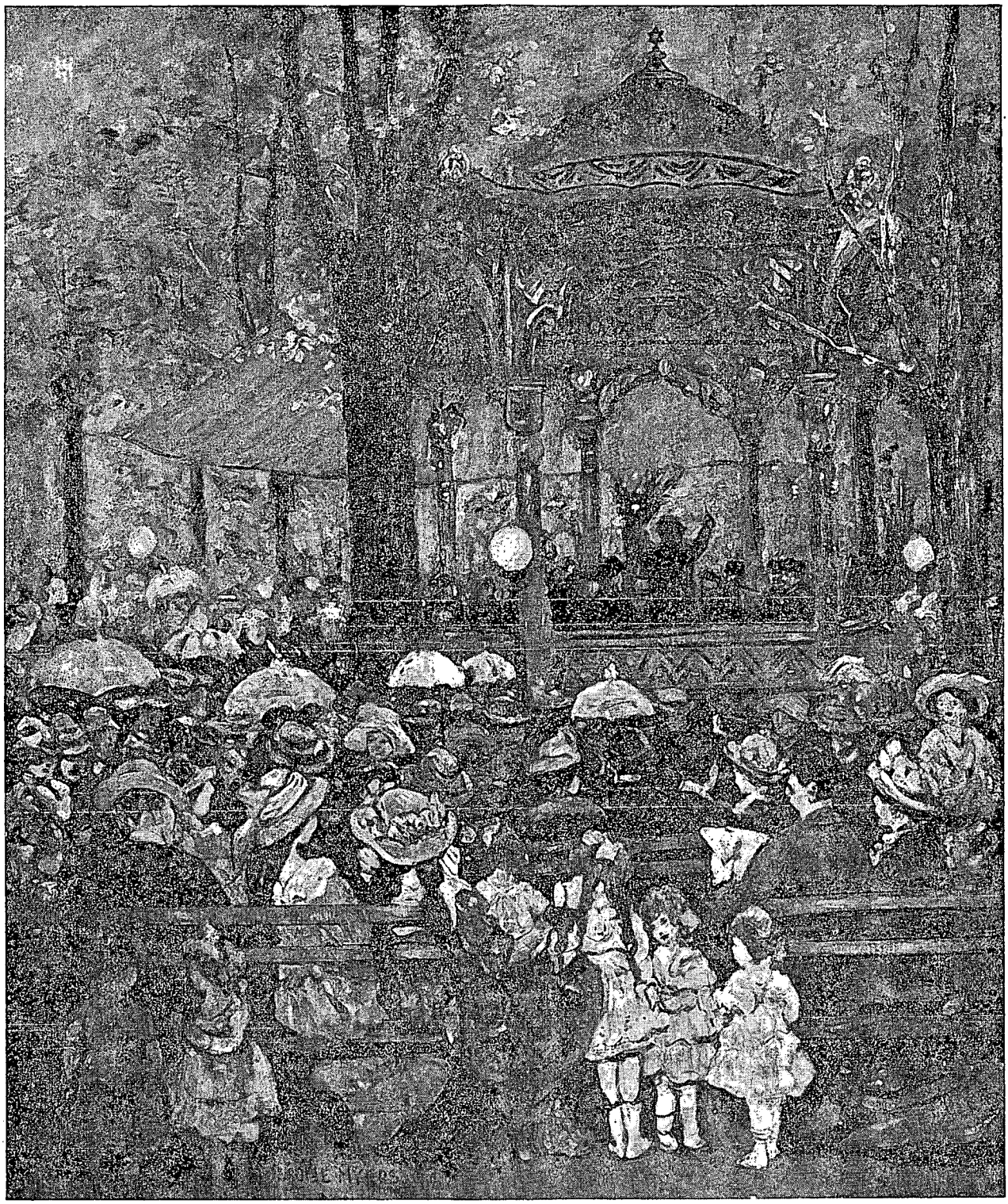

AT THE PARK CONCERT

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Courtesy of the Rochester Museum

ANGELS OF THE FESTA

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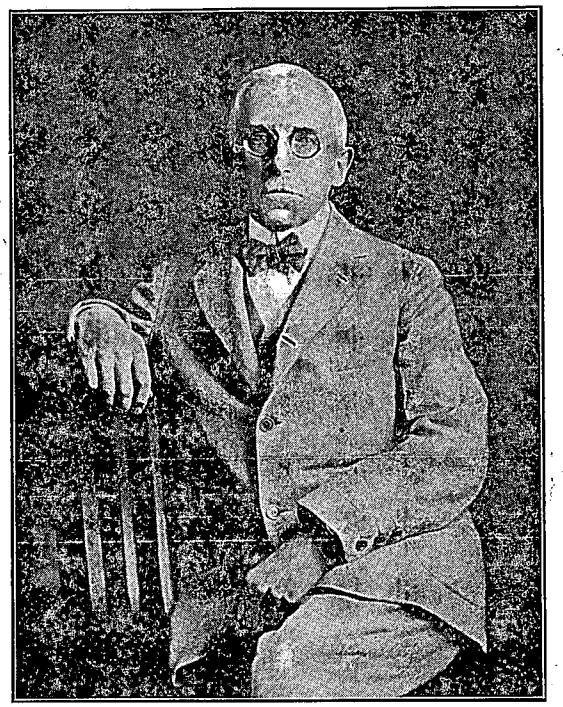
THE HUMANIZING OF KNOWLEDGE

II. Nurtured in a Creed Outworn

By JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

The second of a series of three articles for Survey Graphic in which the author of The Mind in the Making leads his readers still further into "the high adventure in the pursuit of knowledge." The first article, Magic Carpets or Scientific Facts? was published in the September Graphic.

A STRIKING illustration of the ineffectiveness of our present methods of popularizing cardinal scientific discoveries has been recently supplied by the revival of a strong and threatening opposition to the knowledge we now have of man's affinity and obvious relationships with the rest of the organic world.



The idea of evolution is perhaps the most momentous in its bearings of all the great generalizations which have come with increased knowledge of the history of our globe and of its inhabitants. Those who will take the trouble to consider even in the most elementary manner the multifold and concurrent evidence of the successive appearance of vegetable and animal species on the earth and the reasons for including man among the primates, cannot fail, unless they be utterly blinded by prejudice, to concede our animal background, and welcome the light that this discovery sheds on human failures and possibilities.

The matter has been set forth by skilful writers such as Huxley, Wallace, Haeckel, John Fiske, Geddes, Drummond and others in a manner so plain and convincing that it would seem that no one would have the slightest inclination to take issue with them on the general proposition. But to judge from the conscious and unconscious confusion that seems to prevail in the minds of many, the matter is still very ill-understood by even intelligent laymen.

Recently a serious misunderstanding has resulted from the report that men of science are giving up "Darwinism"—that "Darwinism is dead." This has puzzled those who supposed that evolution was a well-substantiated assumption, and has filled with a somewhat malicious joy those who have always denounced the notion as wicked and opposed to Scripture.

To the public, Darwinism means evolution, man's monkey origin, as the matter is popularly but inexactly phrased. But to the paleontologist and biologist Darwinism does not mean the theory of man's animal descent (which was formulated long before the publication of the Origin of Species). To them, it means the ingenious theories which Darwin so patiently worked out to account for *the facts of evolution.* The statement that Darwinism is dead does not imply that the evidence for the evolutionary hypothesis has in any way been weakened or that any really competent man of science doubts our animal derivation. It only means that Darwin's explanations of how one species may have been derived from another have proved, as a result of increasing knowledge, to be mistaken or inadequate. It means that we cannot any longer assign the importance he did to sexual and natural selection and the hereditary transmissibility of acquired characters.

But the confessed failure so far of biologists to clear up the process of evolution, or experimentally to create a new species from an existing one, does not affect the facts derived from many converging sources which lead to the conclusion that man has a genealogical relation to the higher animals.

It is the discovery of man's animal extraction, rather than evolution in general, that troubles those who do not stop to consider the matter carefully. Many are willing to admit that it looks as if life had developed on the earth slowly, in successive stages; this they can regard as a merely curious fact and of no great moment if only man can be defended as an honorable exception. The fact that we have an animal body may also be conceded, but surely, it is

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urged, man must have a soul and a mind altogether distinctive and unique from the very beginning, setting him off an immeasurable distance from any mere animal.

And so he has! It is precisely the evolutionary hypothesis that makes it possible to realize to the full the absolute uniqueness of man and his boundless possibilities. He seems to have sprung from the lower animals, but that makes his *manhood* all the more impressive. He can only hope to appreciate it and illuminate it in the light of his origin and affinities. He can, in short, for the first time see what he is by recognizing what he was in the beginning.

So we should not be repelled and humiliated by the evidence that man's *mind* is quite as clearly of animal extraction as his *body*. Those older observations classed under paleontology, zoology, comparative anatomy, biochemistry, physiology and embryology, which reveal innumerable likenesses and affinities between man and the higher mammals in structure, function and development from the egg, are now being paralleled by observations, classed under comparative psychology, functional psychology, anthropology, prehistoric archeology and intellectual history, which show that man's mind like his body is akin in its original nature and fundamental operations to that of the higher animals.

The historical and comparative methods of approaching the study of the human body are largely responsible for our present rapidly growing understanding of it. The historical and comparative study of psychological phenomena—of what we call reasoning, emotions, impulses, the will—promise to be quite as clarifying and revolutionary when it can be freely applied. It will alter the whole conception of the various old divisions of philosophy and tend to put these hitherto rather unreal and half mythical subjects on a firmer foundation of observable facts. To cite a single example of this hopeful tendency: John Dewey has recently written a book called Human Nature and Conduct, in which he frankly reverses the usual procedure of writers on ethics. He first takes up the nature and workings of the human being and then attempts to deduce the general rules that would seem appropriate to a creature like man. Now, the moralists in the past have in general neglected man's nature, of which with their mistaken presuppositions they could at best know but little, and have devoted their attention to accepted standards of conduct, ancient and dubious in origin, which they sought to justify by subtle theories and ingenious applications. This was, of course, to do little more than to defend and perpetuate, rather than to revise and readjust, the prevailing morals and *mores*: hence the general barrenness of ethics as commonly understood.

It is not supposed to be well or safe to invite the young or the "masses" to think of important matters with a critically open mind. . . . The world should not be presented to students as happily standardized but as urgently demanding readjustment.

Those who follow the recent development in philosophy cannot fail to see how deeply it is influenced by the methods and discoveries of natural science. Indeed this old distinction between "natural" science and our knowledge of man himself is an artificial and misleading one. Man is an integral part of the natural order; he and his environment are constantly interacting. Such well-tried old terms as the will, consciousness, selfishness, the instincts, etc., when reinspected in the light of our ancestral background and embryological beginnings, all look very different from what they once did.

The soul is no longer the pale little creature, *Hospes comesque corporis,* as described in Emperor Hadrian's famous lines. Nor is the human body—made up, as it now appears to be, exclusively of electrical charges—so lumpish a thing as once it seemed. Mind and matter can no longer be divorced but must be studied as different phases of a single vital and incredibly complicated situation. Mind is still in the making. And a historical consideration of human intelligence, taking into account its animal and prehistoric foundations, its development in historic times, and the decisive childhood experiences through which each of us individually must pass—all these combine to reveal previously neglected elements in our minds and untold possibilities in their future growth.

Science, we ought always to recollect, is nothing more or less than the most accurate and best authenticated information that exists, subject to constant rectification and amplification, of man and his world. It is by no means confined to stars, chemicals, physical forces, rocks, plants and animals, as is often assumed. There is a scientific way of looking at ourselves — our thoughts, feelings, habits and customs; at their origin and their interworkings. *Science, in short, includes all the careful and critical knowledge we have about anything of which we can come to know something.*

Perhaps the easiest way of getting a notion of the unity and comprehensiveness of science is to set it off against *lore*[1] of various kinds—traditional beliefs which recommend themselves in virtue of their familiarity, antiquity, sanctity, nobility, goodness or general acceptance by respectable people. These beliefs seem to many firm and lasting compared with the ever shifting and tentative conclusions reached

[1] This is one of Veblen's ironical words. See his admirable Place of Science in Modern Civilization, essays I and II.

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through scientific research and reexamination. A great part of mankind is taught to believe that ancient prophets and seers were wiser than we can hope to be, and that divine truth was vouchsafed them which can never be transcended, and should never be questioned by the scientifically disposed. Those who oppose Faith to Reason do not think of Faith as blind, but as divinely keen-eyed and secure, as well as sweet and comforting. All mystics are at one in this. Scientific investigation, they would concede, has its own sphere, but it is limited by God's word, as they have been taught to interpret it, and by the narrow compass of the human understanding.

We are all familiar with this attitude toward revealed and mystic truth, and it has long been a subject of bitter controversy whether the Bible should be read and studied and criticized like any other collection of ancient writings, and its contents interpreted in the light of the beliefs and the ignorances prevailing at the time its various parts were written or revealed. Comparatively few persons even yet have any scientific knowledge of the Bible, such as is easily available in such delightful books as Solomon Reinach's Orpheus, George F. Moore's Literature of the Old Testament, Morris Jastrow's Gentle Cynic; Conybeare's Myth, Magic and Morals. Accordingly one of the great obstacles to a spread of scientific thought is still the old conception of the Bible.

Our childhood impressions are likely to be permanent unless circumstances are very favorable for their later modification. We would tend to become scientifically minded the moment we began to suspect that the people with whom we associated in childhood were in all probability hardly abreast of the times, as the saying is. We might conjecture that much had probably been found out about both evolution and the Bible during the last half century which had escaped us. And our suspicions, could they be aroused, would probably be amply justified.

Of all human ambitions an open mind eagerly expectant of new discoveries and ready to remold convictions in the light of added knowledge and dispelled ignorances and misapprehensions, is the noblest, the rarest, and the most difficult to achieve.

The same confidence in lore as contrasted with science may be noted not merely in religious beliefs but in traditional ideas of morality, patriotism, private property, the state, the family, war, etc. To cite a single example: One who announces birth control sinful, opposed to religion and sound morality and who contends that the dissemination of knowledge in regard to contraceptual methods is "obscene," takes a stand and uses a vocabulary approved by moral tradition.

On the other hand one might see in the issue a curious and essential problem. Without being driven to prompt and final condemnation he might feel free to think the matter over in the light of such knowledge as he might gain. He would first remedy his ignorance of human embryology and of the way in which each of us comes about. He would ponder on the hallowed methods of reducing births through monastic institutions and the enforced celibacy of the clergy, or by economic pressure. He might then turn to the larger questions of the relation of birth control to disease, mental deficiency, poverty and the question of over-population. Then, and then only, might he be ready from a scientific standpoint to form some opinion on the probable expediency of repealing our present laws relating to this matter. No one would question the propriety of such an approach were it not assumed that there is something essentially improper in submitting the case to the verdict of intelligence.

Havelock Ellis wisely says (in Little Essays of Love and Virtue): "It may seem that in setting forth the nature of the sexual impulse in the light of modern biology and psychology, I have said but little of purity and less of morality. Yet that is as it should be. We must first be content to see how the machine works and watch the wheels go round. We must understand before we can control." And to understand requires pains and care. It will not do simply to shut our eyes and be sure we are right.

What is true of the general attitude toward religion and sex is true also of our prevailing notions of politics, business, international relations and education. There is much defensive and offensive discussion but no great play of intelligence. Even those who attack existing institutions, ideas and habits often do so in a semi-religious spirit. The good and the bad, right and wrong, just and unjust are apt to be the starting point rather than the outcome of the inquiry. And yet, if we but stop to think, all these seemingly so solid and reliable things have varied tremendously in different times and places. We have to find out what things are good and right and just, before we can appropriate them. They are not labeled, ready to our hand.

And yet they are tacitly assumed to be settled, at least in their larger aspects. It is not supposed to be well or safe to invite the young or the "masses" to think of important matters with a critically open mind. The traditional lore must first be instilled and then only, if at all, may some thoughtfulness be permitted. But it is usually agreed that this should be controlled and directed by the wise and prudent persons who are keenly alive to the dangers

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of doubt and skepticism and who are sure to come doubt and skepticism and who are sure to come out just where they went in. I take it this is the attitude of the overwhelming majority of good and respectable people, who in the last analysis control our education and represent the taste to which newspapers, magazines and lecturers must appeal. There is, in short, some confidence in the value of scientific discussion within certain limits, but so far as man and his doings are concerned it is as yet far from sanctioned by public opinion.

The moralists in the past have in general neglected man's nature.

No one can be more poignantly conscious of the groping nature of intelligence than I. The misgivings of the mystics as to our ability to reach ultimate truth are shared by every scientifically minded person. If we could be assured that there exist better, more secure and more profound sources of knowledge than human intelligence we ought, of course, to accept them. But as yet the human mind can hardly be said to have had a show, and I, for one, have faith that if we gave it a show, mere human intelligence, based upon our ever-increasing knowledge, would tend to remedy or greatly alleviate many forms of human discontent and misery. This is a mater of faith, I admit. But holding this faith, the chief end of education seems to me to be the encouragement of a scientific attitude of mind and a full and vivid appreciation of the inherent obstacles that oppose themselves to its successful cultivation in the human species.

Fifty years ago Matthew Arnold described the aim of education as "The getting to know on all matters which concern us the best which has been thought and said in the world; and through this knowledge turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits." He also said that we do not change our minds as the result of logic and refutation; but as we learn more the ground gently shifts beneath us, and we no longer look at things as we formerly did. This is so very true and so very important! I am sure that attempts directly to cultivate the judgment through teaching logic or the various branches of science have failed and are destined always to fail. At bottom they are an unconscious avoidance of the responsibility which would be involved in really turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits. We are not yet in a position so to revise our education that a new type of mind will be cultivated appropriate to our present knowledge and circumstances.

For education is controlled to a large extent by those who still adhere to many ancient conceptions which appear to them to be based on the best wisdom of the past, to be tested by time and substantiated by a consensus of human experience. These they do not wish to see disturbed. No two persons might agree as to exactly what these approved findings are, but so long as a notion is familiar it is assumed that it will not do any particular harm.

Now, new knowledge, if taken seriously, is very likely to prove an indictment of those very ideas which are dearest to the ill-informed. So in order to avoid inconvenient discussion the doctrine has become popular that so-called "controversial" matters should be carefully excluded from both the schools and colleges.

This means when stated in a bald form, that instruction which might stir religious convictions, no matter how unintelligent, business, political or racial prejudice, or violate the properties, must be avoided. College presidents, school superintendents, text-book writers and their publishers are at present almost helpless in this situation. Teaching must be made as little disturbing as possible, when its chief function should be to stimulate thought and furnish new and reconstructive ideas.

The plight of the directors of education is indeed pitiable. College presidents have to sit up late at night reconciling the noble doctrine of freedom of teaching with the practical necessity of dodging controversial questions. The college head cannot endure the humiliating imputation that his teachers are under "the wardship of an overweening fist," as Milton puts it; and yet he is constantly haunted by the nightmare of the fist which will refuse to write any more checks to the order of the institution if an instructor is carelessly charged by some ill-informed on-looker with "bolshevism," "radicalism," or "socialistic leanings." For what is perhaps still worse, the moral or patriotic critics rarely take the touble to find out what an instructor or text-book writer whom they attack really has said or believes. This scandalous state of affairs is too little understood. Those best informed about it are for various reasons disinclined to tell all they know. Those who plan out courses of study and write text-books must often make humiliating terms with unintelligence.

Matthew Arnold's ideal would be accepted in theory by most educators, but how very far are we from realizing it in practice. Teachers and text-book writers must hedge and suppress, compromise and extenuate, lest facts which it concerns boys and girls to learn should unluckily start them thinking.[2] For this might rouse (*Continued on page 59*)

[2] In reviewing my Mind in the Making Professor Harry N. Gardiner of Smith College says: The book is full, as it seems to him, of "crudities and exaggerations." "When, for example, it is asserted (p. 11) that no publisher would accept a historical text-book based on an explicit statement of our present knowledge of man's animal ancestry, it is hard to believe that we are dealing with a statement of fact and not rather an opinion expressing a prejudiced animus" (American Historical Review, Vol. xxvi, p. 768, July, 1922). I fear that one of the difficulties in the way of educational reform is that of convincing such worthy persons as Professor Gardiner that what I am saying here is not merely the delusions of one afflicted with a persecution complex. Having been writing and editing historical text books for a quarter of a century I can only invite Professor Gardiner to consult the text-book publishers as to the truth of the facts given above.

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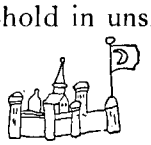
EDITORIALS

IF there be sermons in stones, then we must needs page the Styx for Savonarola or Jonathan Edwards to expound so tremendous a text as the land slip that has shaken Japan. But the ordinary observer who looks out upon the wrack of social and political life five years after the war may take a grain of comfort from the discussion of earthquakes and their causes. We rub our eyes when the geologist assures us that the low couchant shapes of the Laurentians are older and solider than the Rockies or the Andes. They tell us that Fujiyama and the other towering peaks and active volcanoes of the earthquake zone that rims the Pacific are not crests of strength but rather signs of weaknesses in the earth's surface. The crack comes where the crust is least stable, and ancient heats and stresses burst through which for untold eons the cosmic forces have made it their business to seal over in creating a foothold for ordered life and progress upon the planet.

WE may ask, by way of analogy, whether the emergence of Fascism in Italy, such as Mr. Hackett describes, the rise of a dictatorship in Spain, the seeming triumph of force over passive resistance in the Ruhr, the consequent rumblings of resurgent Junkerism in Germany, our own Ku Klux, are after all evidences of robust strength. The earth has cooled some since its inflamed and swollen state at the armistice, and they may be no more than clinkering lava, marking rips and crevices in thin, brittle areas of our post-war civilization. It is well to forget the newspaper headlines now and again. There may be transcending significance in some of the quieter formations of humankind the world over, where the spiritual values and civil relationships men have struggled 10,000 years to gain have deep root-hold in unshaken soils.



THERE was a verse in the ancient litany which ran somewhat like this: "From the terror of the Northmen, Good Lord deliver us." In due time, the Northmen proved preventable—at least new waves of them were jettied off with the help of the first waves. And today a scientific forefinger, running down the passages of the old petition, notes the change in our approach to most of the dour evils which beset our ancestors. We may be as sincere in our prayers for divine help and guidance, but we no longer regard the flood as an act of God; we talk of afforestation and river-control. We no longer regard the epidemic as a visitation on our sins. It is like to be merely the penalty for tolerating dirty milk or compromising with mosquitos. We give Marco Polo his due at last in that little matter of salamanders and asbestos and ourselves have a thriving commerce in fire-proof construction. With the aid of Mr. Bok, we even set at work anew at forestalling war.

There remains the earthquake—seemingly the last stubborn item in our litany of great calamities. But while it affords no hand-hold for prevention, and we meet it only with such response of heart and purse as the Red Cross has organized so splendidly this last month, it none the less opens up a wide field for an inventive precaution. We may find that the Japanese, who have been struck to the heart in their capital city, will show the renascent capacity of the East as never before in the human ingenuity they employ to forefend against the preventable consequences of the unpreventable terror.

MORE immediately comes the announcement that Professor Charles A. Beard has been called back to Japan to advise in the work of reconstructing the cities shattered by the earthquake. Professor Beard, whose work in politics and constitutional government at Columbia was followed by several years as director of the Training School for Public Service in New York, had only returned in July from Japan where he had gone to assist Viscount Shimpei Goto in inaugurating the new Japanese Institute for Municipal Research. For years the Japanese have been planning a reconstruction of their capital city, which had overgrown its street system and means of transit. The earthquake has done the tearing down. Three problems

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are involved. First, it seems inevitable that the new business sections of Tokio will be rebuilt largely in modern steel and concrete, since the new more or less experimental steel frame structures there have so well withstood quake and fire. Then, Tokio is likely to be "Haussmanized." The city lacks great thoroughfares, nor has it either a single center or one main street. It stretches away from the bay and across the Sumida River, covering about forty-eight square miles. In the center is the Imperial Palace with its square mile of grounds. South of the palace are the chief banks, railroad stations, theaters and business houses; on the west are most of the government buildings and legations. An obvious method of planning the new city would be to let great thoroughfares radiate out at intervals from the palace grounds like spokes from the hub of a wheel. Then the city boundaries would be stretched out to include a "Greater Tokio" of 6,000,000 people. Any subway—for Tokio was raising money for a subway before the earthquake—would have to go around the palace grounds, for Japanese tradition and that religio-patriotic sentiment which holds the nation together would prevent the palace grounds from being either cut through or tunnelled under.

ALMOST equal interest centers in what will be done with the port of Yokohama which met with more overwhelming disaster than the capital itself. Will this harbor and port be restored? Not necessarily. After all, Kobe is the busiest port of Japan except for trans-Pacific trade, is nearer than Yokohama to Japan's industrial centers, and is nearly as conveniently placed for handling silk and tea, Japan's chief exports. Much business will go to Kobe permanently. Yokohama is an artificial port. It was only an insignificant fishing village in 1859. It is the seaport for the capital but it would be almost as easy to make Tokio a real seaport as it would be to restore the harbor facilities of Yokohama. For Tokio, like Yokohama, is on Tokio Bay, only twenty miles further north. The shallows keep out seagoing ships, but junks and light boats bring much traffic from Yokohama and other Japanese ports up the bay to the estuary of the Sumide River in the eastern part of the city. After the earthquake, it will be remembered, the commander of a United States destroyer had the nerve and skill to navigate his craft through the tortuous channels and over the mud of the upper bay to Tokio where he took on board a number of refugees and carried them out to safety. This hint might be taken. So the final solution may be the abandonment of Yokohama and the construction of a modern port at Tokio itself, a task which would involve much dredging and the building of jetties and breakwaters.

Thus as a result of the earthquake we are almost certain to see a modern Europeanized Tokio, with loss of beauty and charm, but with gain in safety, comfort and convenience, and we may possibly behold the virtual abandonment of Yokohama, the city of half a million souls which has been Japan's most famous port of entry for more than half a century.

SINCE the adverse decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the District of Columbia minimum wage case, last April, three state laws have been assailed in the courts of Massachusetts, Arizona and California. In Massachusetts the real issue has been ingeniously transformed into a question of the power of the state to compel a newspaper to print an advertisement of a violation of a wage-rate ruling by the State Industrial Commission. The freedom of the press thus appears grotesquely in the foreground. Lost to sight is the eminently useful activity of the Massachusetts commission in the enforcement of a law, the fundamental principles of which, if we look abroad, are recognized as indispensable to the welfare of the wage-earners in all English-speaking areas throughout the world, except only Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Forgotten is the valuable achievement of successive wage boards in Massachusetts in illuminating the depths of poverty of young, unskilled women and girls in the underpaid trades and occupations. While the assault on these gains unfolds the Massachusetts commission continues undisturbed to announce new wage rates. It proceeds upon the principle that the Massachusetts minimum wage law is in full force and effect, and will so continue unless and until the Supreme Court of the United States shall decide otherwise.

IN California the situation is confused, one test case having apparently been dropped and another being still in the initial stages of preparation. It is a matter for congratulation, however, that Attorney-General Webb of that state has invited Felix Frankfurter, general counsel of the National Consumers' League, to participate in the same way that other commonwealths invited his predecessor, Justice Brandeis, in the earlier minimum wage cases.

The Arizona law of February 13, 1923, also under attack, is of the type held least desirable

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by the advocates of minimum wage legislation, because it creates no commission, or board, or conference representing the three elements of the population involved (employers, employes, and the purchasing public which pays all the bills) to investigate the cost of living of women and minors and adjust wage rates from time to time with changing industrial conditions. It established a flat rate of $16 a week as the minimum wage for women, irrespective of age, skill or experience. The law took effect on July 1, and on July 17 a federal court of equity, sitting at Los Angeles, granted an interlocutory injunction restraining operation of the measure. Notice of appeal to the United States Supreme Court by the attorney-general of Arizona was filed immediately, based on the previous adverse decision of that court. All this was for the purpose of expediting the Arizona case through the lower courts in the hope of obtaining a final federal decision at Washington at the earliest possible moment.

ALARMED by such efforts to destroy state minimum wage laws, the Manufacturers and Merchants Association of Oregon has issued a bulletin setting forth that "unquestionably the law has been of great benefit to those for whose protection it was enacted," and continues:

> That laws of this kind are objectionable to a certain class of employers and employes is to be expected, as in dealing with human beings, the human element must be taken into consideration, and that is a variable quantity. It is a glowing tribute, however, to the humane propensities of the average employer of today, that once he became acquainted with the purpose and benefits of the law, he gave it his unqualified support, principally from a humanitarian standpoint, with the result that he was benefited by the reaction of the employes in reciprocation of that attitude, and by that reaction the employes were spurred to seek higher ideals of efficiency and were in consequence benefited by an increased wage, until now (particularly in this state) few, if any, employers are paying the minimum wage prescribed by the rules of the Industrial Welfare Commission but much in *excess* of it.
>
> The purpose of this bulletin is to plead with ALL employers of Oregon to still acknowledge the authority of the Industrial Welfare Commission's rulings, and in no case deviate from them, nor in any instance where a higher wage than the prescribed minimum is now being paid, to reduce such wage to the minimum; but on the contrary where production and efficiency justifies it, rather to *increase the wage*.

The statement adds "that it would be most unfortunate as well as a disgrace to the state to disturb the equitable and harmonious relations now existing where women are employed in our industries." To quote the resolution itself of the Oregon employers:

> BE IT RESOLVED, that the Manufacturers and Merchants Association of Oregon pledge to the Industrial Welfare Commission their support and cooperation in maintaining the present status of the Oregon law, and that we will use every effort to discourage any one from testing the validity of the law in the courts, and will also use every effort to prevent the repeal of the law by the legislature, should such a thing be attempted, and as an evidence of our sincerity we hereby pledge ourselves to be governed in the future as we have in the past by the rulings of the Industrial Welfare Commission.

It was the statesmanlike decision of the Oregon Supreme Court upholding the Oregon minimum wage law, which the United States Supreme Court, when itself equally divided in 1917, allowed to stand. This has been an invaluable model and precedent for other enlightened states to copy during the past six years. If an equally statesmanlike decision had been reached last November by the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, it is quite conceivable that the subsequent decision of the highest court might have been favorable, and what becomes, in grim analysis, the constitutional right of women to starve might not have been affirmed.

Our country would then have been spared the challenge of the Sutherland decision to the national conscience.

SUDDENLY the tension is relaxed. The pressmen of New York go out on strike. It is as if you had been standing on a central hill, eyes strained in many directions watching the disjointed actions on the cyclorama of the world. Corfu, Angora, Moscow, Tokio; the flames in Berkeley, the Negro exodus from Johnstown, the Klan war in Oklahoma; Coolidge, Mussolini, Poincaré; the Yanks, Tilden, Dempsey; Rutherford dissecting the atom, Steinmetz forging lightning, Loeb evoking life from the sea unchin's egg by means of saline solutions.

Then the pressmen strike. The cyclorama disappears. One is cut off from the world like a ship in a fog bank at sea. The newspapers are gone. Who are these men and women in the great city. What goes on in these high buildings. How can they do business without news from Buenos Aires, London, Paris, Rome, Bombay. All this swirling life about us is meaningless except as a part of the life of the globe. The affairs of the world make us neighbors. In spite of us, the world has become our country.

The buzz of the radio. Tokio is speaking. Rome cuts in. Washington talks with Berkeley. What if that stopped too. What if the cables were cut. What if the newspapers never appeared again. How could life go on without these eyes of the world.

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"Some one of your kin?"

"No," emphatically. "But I couldn't tell oonuh who it was. I always did work for myself, an' dey didn't like it. But I've had some good relief since Monday. I went to the colored doctor an' she gib me some medicine dat gib me good relief."

"Was it drinking medicine?"

"Yes, and someting mo'. She pray wid me, an' I pray too. It is t'rough de Lord de relief done come."

Whatever the spell, it had been broken and prayer, substituted for old incantations, had done its work for the weary old soul who had been in the hands of the "bewitchment." And this happened only last year!

Throughout my doctoring days life was a bit complicated because I was also trying to run a school. Between nursing visits and calls, there was the inspection of the new dormitory we were building; a discussion perhaps with the white contractor (today our buildings are altogether the work of Negro builders) as to the right place to put the thimble in the chimney; then a visit to the barn and a chance to learn more about mules and horses and boys; then class-room questions; then accounts—and how I hated the week that brought them around, for when they did balance they showed a debit and the need of my stopping the much more interesting work I was doing to get to work on "appealing" letters. All sorts of things could happen in an hour, and it is a miracle my head was not addled! Small wonder that I welcomed a visit which brought a real doctor to Hampton House. Dr. Mary Harley, then one of the resident physicians at Vassar College, came to the Island. So interested was she in this part of our work that she suggested we ask the sick to come to the school and let her help them. Thirty came.

The outstanding case was Aunt Mary Green who had run a potato fork far into her foot. We had her brought down in the school carriage—an event in her life. When Dr. Harley lanced the foot there was not one moan, and the thankfulness and assurance that all was well had much to do, no doubt, with the surprisingly quick recovery that was made. That day the lame was made to walk, for after the few weeks of dressing, "ole bruk-foot Mary" as she called herself, could travel anywhere, complaining only when "de wedduh ain't suit de foot."

Mackie was another of Dr. Harley's patients. But his was a case which no physician could heal. We had run across him in a little home taking care of a baby sister for his mother, a widow, who was at the oyster factory where she could earn about fifty cents a day. He could walk only a few steps and then he would fall down. He had begged me for medicine to cure him, and I had suggested that he find some one who could bring him to Penn School to learn to make baskets with the class. He appeared and took his first lesson, and as we had the basketry class on Tuesdays in those days, I did not expect to see him again until the following week. As I went over to the school the next day, there lay Mackie under the casina bush. He told me he had come in a cart half the way and walked the rest of the way, "a short cut, muh."

"But there is no basketry till next Tuesday," I said.

"I knows, muh, but I come to learn." And I could see just how he had come! A few steps on his poor withered legs, and then a sort of creeping on his knees, using both hands. We put him in the primary room and there he stayed, the happiest child in school, but always I wondered if we ought to allow it, for transportation by cart was uncertain, and often be brought himself part of the way.

Dr. Harley advised crutches, and after we made them the boy had a better chance. But progress was slow, and after going through three grades, Mackie slipped out and was soon lost in the tide that carried many a boy to Savannah. Lost, yes, as far as we know. But at least he had something for a few years, and had home conditions been better I believe he would have held his own.

From the start, we had determined to develop nursing work on the Island. Dr. Harley's visit strengthened our determination, and a piling up of difficult cases brought it about in our third year. I recall a desperately sick baby, whose needs went far beyond my knowledge or common sense, and a little boy who was suffering with earache and a bad wound in his foot from an axe. He had taken an old nail to his ear because it had itched on the inside; and they had used water and cobwebs, the usual remedy, for the bleeding foot.

I gave my patients into the skilled hands of the "Doctor Nurse" with regret for myself and congratulations for them. Her first case was a little baby, Isaac by name, almost dead when he was brought in. His twin, Rebecca, had died at birth. I believe both could have been saved with proper nursing in time! From the start, therefore, preventive work seemed as important as the actual nursing. How else were we to get hold of the baby question in all of its larger meaning? The results of syphilis were found among school children, and a few adult cases came to the nurse's office for treatment. All the cases discovered were traced to city life, and this added fuel to our fire of enthusiasm to conserve the rural life on the Island and build it up so that it should offer a future for our boys and girls. The terrific meaning of the "sins of the fathers" came to me for the first time and made school teaching more vitally than ever a question that concerned itself with the entire family from the unborn baby to the parents who did not come to the schoolhouse.

Smallpox also knocked at our school gates. Our predecessors, the founders of the Penn School in the 60's, Miss Towne and Miss Murray, had known it well in the earlier years. Miss Towne had had training in Johns Hopkins hospital and had fought a fearful epidemic that had swept over the Island—years before. One of the boys came to school one morning with a rash that aroused my suspicions. We called Miss Murray who was still teaching in the school, after forty years' service, and who had long experience with the Island diseases. She at once pronounced it the old scourge. The boy's mother had been opening an old trunk and did not know how long it had been since its contents had seen the light of day! Smallpox germs, according to the theory of the doctor from Beaufort called in to vaccinate the school, had bided their time. Fortunately the disease did not spread, but the single case led to a yearly vaccination in Penn school, and we found that half the children according to their parents had "bad flesh." Begging letters came every day to omit "my child" for the above reason, in the distribution of the vaccine. But "Doctor Nuss" managed to transform their fear into anticipation of a new treat, and soon I found children begging to go to her office, and on the road would come the question, "Ain't you goin' to vaccilate me today?"

There followed first-aid lessons to boys and girls, and to the mothers and grandmothers in the Community Class; talks on social hygiene to the girls; a similar course given by one of the men teachers for the boys' school; hot lunches provided through the cooking classes; and we felt that we

HOMES OF THE FREE

(*Continued from page* 12)

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were at least hacking out a path that might finally clear a way through the brush of untoward health conditions.

Education mixed with care has in the years since been the nurse's daily program, and we have been coming along to the stage of paid visiting nursing. That, however, is one of the things which the boll weevil and the Island poverty have deferred.

A native Island physician finally took his place beside our school nurse in the fight against disease. York Bailey, a Penn School graduate who had gone to Howard University to study medicine, came back to the Island to practise. When I see the doctor and the nurse starting out together to battle for a serious case, I wish there might come in our rural community—in all rural communities—the small hospital with its large opportunity of social service for the homes, and with its opportunity of adding a course of training for the girls, and so offering another outlet for ability that now feels

The Community Class, many of them grandmothers, came regularly to Doctor Nuss's office for instruction in home nursing

it must go to the town. There is splendid economy in fighting illness at the beginning, seeing that proper care is given and building up healthy bodies that resist its ravages. The rural hospital with physicians and nurses, with the vision of a whole community physically fit, could be a more effective health center than a rural school can ever hope to be.

An outbreak of typhoid fever one summer led us to organize our first health campaign. There were twenty-two cases and five deaths, and we were faced with an epidemic. We turned at once to the State Health Department, and, as always, they were prompt and helped us not only to map out the campaign but to carry it through. We decided to make one plantation a sanitary district, and we chose Corner Plantation where there had been five cases and two deaths. Dr. F. M. Routh of the South Carolina Board of Health was stationed at the school and worked with us for two weeks. We aimed to inoculate as many as possible and to carry on publicity work. We used the epidemic as a lever to get at general health conditions.

Few of the homes had outhouses of any kind; fewer had driven wells. We made a map of the plantation, indicating every road and home, and on the map we stuck pins as they were won by each family. A red pin for innoculation—that was red for blood. A yellow pin for the erection of a "sanitary privy"—yellow for sunshine in the healthier home. A blue pin for waterworks, when the driven well, twenty feet deep (this having been the depth required by the state board) was an accomplished fact.

All the families applied promptly for inoculation. It was akin to vaccination. All except one, that is—whose conversion comes later in this story.

The "sanitaries" were simply wooden boxes, fly-proof, made according to a pattern that had been used in Virginia. A few made the boxes for themselves, but most of them were made in the school carpenter shop at a cost of 55 cents per box. A few built shelters over them, but most of them were placed in the "bush," sometimes with palmetto branches for a roof. They were movable, so the soil as well as the family was benefited.

One night I met Solomon carrying his box home from the shop on his head. His house, just whitewashed, its blue trimming shining in the sun, stood on a little rise of ground, the tide river sweeping in on one side of it. The next day I found, to my surprise, that he had planted his "sanitary" squarely in front of his house. His feelings were like the glow in an old New England homestead which has installed an enamelled bath room upstairs. He greeted me proudly: "Ain't she pretty!"

The spirit of the doctor from the state board had much to do with the success of our campaign. Here was a Southerner, a South Carolinian, who quietly went from home to home explaining and teaching, showing every kindness and courtesy, and winning the love and respect of the whole group. I remember after supper one night his saying that he was going to have one more talk with that single neighbor who stood out against the school in this matter of health measures. At the Praise House the doctor had usually been met with this neighbor's statement that we were going against God, that the fever was God's method of punishing his people, and if we went against it, He would punish more! Patience and perseverance won out against him as far as his neighbors were concerned. They installed "sanitaries" and wells. We had been able to make the map perfect with the exception of one house. We talked about this wherever we could. We posted the map in conspicuous places. We spread abroad how much better it would be were we able to send in a 100 per cent report to Columbia. The idea caught the imagination of the people. At least it must have reached that little home so isolated on the map among all the others splendidly decorated with red, yellow and blue pins. One morning I found our neighbor waiting for me when I came down to my desk at seven o'clock. With many apologies he announced that he had seen the light. He wanted me to send word to the doctor, the honor of whose visit to his home had evidently influenced him. So the campaign on Corner Plantation became 100 per cent perfect! As he walked out of the school gate, his dark red sweater bringing into relief the dark skin of his face, it struck me that his capitulation perhaps meant more in the long perspective than the red, yellow, and blue pins that we could soon push in on the little square that stood for his home on the map.

But I must confess that the "sanitaries" and the driven wells with pumps near the house did not spread rapidly all over the Island! They reached out on Fuller Plantation, next to Corner, which was severely visited with typhoid too. And an occasional family on a far-away plantation caught the notion; but that was all. No experience could more fully show the need for consecutive disease prevention work, not merely under pressure of an epidemic, but during every month of the year. Another argument for a rural hospital to become a focus for the contagions of health.

In more recent years Penn School has cooperated in community investigations of hookworm and pellagra, of tuberculosis and filaria. It has proved to be a good health center too! When the state sent down a representative of the Tuberculosis Commission, she found that we had no case of that disease uncared for. This, she said, was the only community so reported in the state. We all added to our limited knowl-

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edge on medical subjects through the experts who thus visited our shores. We had never heard of filaria! Dr. Francis of the United States Public Health Service was making a survey of the coast towns and communities to discover the cause of the increase. We learned that its common name is elephantiasis, that it is caused by a mosquito, culex by name, and that no trace of it could be found in the blood till after nine P. M. Where it spent its day was a question unanswered. We all went to night school that night at nine o'clock, and the doctor took a blood specimen of thirty-seven boys and girls, men and women.

Every one behaved splendidly, only one girl shrinking when the doctor made the cut with his knife-like needle. As one of the boys said, "He ain't play with you, he cut!" I had it done too, first one, so that I might know just how it did feel. Results were all negative. A clean bill of health for St. Helena, as far as elephantiasis goes!

It must not be supposed that better health has been brought to the community solely by "foreigners," as all strangers are called on the Island. I have told how through the coming of experts we have gained ground over even the "satisfying afflictions," but to complete the story I must tell how native resources have been strengthened and how they have counted. There has always been that group of women who have been the obstetrical nurses—the "midders." They had inherited their trade—handed down from generation to generation with little thought that it was all-important for the new life to begin right! Probably white doctors had taught the old maumuhs in the plantation days, though how far this training was given to the field hands, I do not know. Negro children then meant money in the white owner's pocket. But sixty years is a long call for any instruction to last, and many haphazard methods had come into vogue.

Our nurse had given instruction to the women in the Community Class, but that reached only a few "midders," perhaps half a dozen. It seemed a bit casual to go on year after year with no birth or death records, so I had a set of cards printed and placed them in the hands of the doctor, the nurse, and each of the Island ministers.

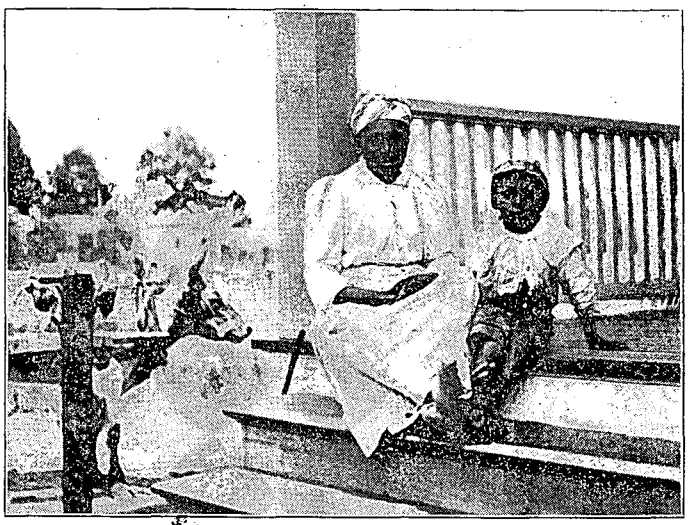
The following year, South Carolina passed a law that all births and deaths must be recorded. Under the new law all midwives were compelled to register, and a course of twelve lessons was required in order to obtain a certificate to practice. Our school was used as a center, and the nurse appointed to give the course. We wondered how the women would like this new measure. We found great enthusiasm; forty-two enrolled at the first meeting. This includes Wassa, Ladies, and Palawanna Islands, as well as St. Helena. Twelve lessons only are required by the state, and yet for three years the midwives have come reguarly to their monthly meeting, and not one is yet satisfied that she knows all that the "Doctor Nuss" can pass on to her.

I attended the first meeting. An interesting crowd had gathered, grandmothers of eighty, mothers from about fifty up. Some had come from Coffin's Point, some from Land's End, and every point of the Island and the nearby islands was represented. One note was struck that afternoon. The "midders'" work was recognized by the state; it had become a profession.

Uniforms had never been a part of the trade, and I said to the nurse, "We can't go too fast, but I hope they can get into uniforms before the end of the year." Two months later I attended another meeting and there sat the same group of women, most of them transformed by blue nurses' dresses, white aprons and caps. No, the nurse had not spoken about it, but the professional note had been struck and they had begun to think of themselves as skilled workers.

The uniform helped tremendously in esprit de corps. When I was out on Scott to see one of the home acres, Aunt Rivenna came to me saying, "Please may I speak wid you private," and she told how a neighbor who was not a member of the class has practised midwifery on her plantation. "And yo know dat's against de law and will bring all of we down." A few of the younger women began to join the class. It is not always easy for the older midwives to accept the younger ones, but the nurse and the class spirit soon melted suspicion and antagonism. And Baby Day, of which I shall tell in a later article, claims the interest of all.

Health values have been bound up in other local measures, and in these we have enlisted men, women and children. Thus we found ourselves deep in ditching! It became the war cry both in our fight against the mosquito and in promoting a food crop to compete with cotton. I personally inspected, encouraged, and urged till I could see ditches in my sleep. I even went so far as to do a little digging!



Aunt Elsie called her sick foot a "jew boil," for she believed it caused by early morning dew

Health instruction was carried to the county schools by our nurse, but too little of that can as yet be done, for lack of time and means. And Clean-up Week came to stay.

"Doctor Nuss" started off the Clean-up Week campaign in the Midwives' Class, in the Community Class, and among the school children, and reports were called for by each class-room teacher every day, the women bringing in theirs at the class meetings. Olivia Young, who lives far down on Coffin Point Plantation, and who had to miss the meeting, sent her report by mail, and I quote it in full as it gives a picture of many a home on the Island during the week dedicated to Home Betterment all over the South where there are Negroes. This Clean-up Week is one of the creative ideas for which the South is indebted to Booker T. Washington.

"I have raked up all the yards, gather up all the old rubishes carried them to the trash pile and burn them. Have painted the wall and ceiling inside of house, remove and dusted all the rugs and put them back in their places, have cleaned the flowers yeard and set out more flowers, have washed and cleaned up all my heaviest bedclothes and laid them aside, clean out the poultry coop and put in clean straw, washed and iron curtains and hang them up again and have dusted all the rooms and furnitures."

Literally hundreds of clean-ups are reported each year. One of the mothers who said, "I had the yard clean up very nice and in the house very nice to meet the great Easter morning," expressed, all unknowingly perhaps, one of the fundamental realities that a rural school is trying to pass on to its people.

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TULSA

(*Continued from page 24*)

Was there much disorder in the oil fields?

No, only once he had run across some, in Eldorado, right next to Snackover—twelve hundred of the old residents and farmers had ridden into town and driven out everyone who did not belong—bootleggers, prostitutes, gamblers—almost a thousand of them, they took two weeks to straggle back to Memphis. His eyes twinkled as he told this.

Where was he going now?

He did not know. There might be some work on the railroads. He thanked us quietly and went down the street.

Prosperity Park

The whole residence section of Tulsa has been built within these twenty years to house those who believe they have found at least a temporary home. The houses stretch along a flat country toward a jagged line of blue hills, and where they spread it is a clean, quiet, sometimes beautiful city. Small bungalows, each set apart on its small lawn, make a straight line of vision down the long, wide streets. They are modern, light, and inside pleasant and simple; most of them have small garages. They meet well all the demands of the ordinary American for a home. Their great numbers is a sign that it has not been only the few in Tulsa who have prospered. These bungalows have the furnishings of apartments on Central Park West—the best the great manufacturers provide. The scheme of New York life seems reproduced in every arm-chair and reading lamp. Tulsa has brought its ideal town to earth as surely as New York.

The very wealthy, the oil millionaires from the fields, have their own sections beyond the rows of bungalows. There the houses become larger and more individual; and along a few curving boulevards the houses attain magnificence. Each spreads hospitably over a fair-sized estate. They are the homes of men who have trusted good architects. There are a few signs of ignorant wills forced upon brick, and many of true perception creating charm and originality. By some grace, here as in its sky-scrapers, Tulsa has striven for something beautiful and achieved it.

In this section the children we met were out walking with nurses and governesses. Motors purred almost silently. Occasionally men on horseback cantered by. But even about them there was no sign of the earlier West. Each mount was flawlessly English, English saddle, English riding togs, not even a jingling at the stirrup or an embossed pommel. The transformation was complete. The highest outward standard of American prosperity had been realized.

As Different as Black Is from White

Tulsa has a segregated Negro quarter. There is a city ordinance which forbids all Negroes, who are not servants in the employ of whites, to live in a white quarter of the city; it also orders all white men to be out of the Negro quarter by ten at night, under penalty of arrest for prowling, A police judge assured us that both sections of the ordinances were well enforced.

The Negro quarter lies across the Frisco tracks and is dominated by the great railroad shops. Some eight or ten thousand of Negroes live in it. The race riots do not seem to have changed it. It straggles along a large area of uneven ground. In the fore part, nearer the railroad tracks, the streets are laid out although they are not paved; in the parts beyond only rough dirt cuts lead the way between the houses. There is no sewerage; there are ditches in the streets to drain off the rainfall. There is no order or design, there is not even show. Along a few streets small, red brick apartments and bungalows face each other. All else is a huddle of mean, squalid habitations, weather-beaten shacks with upright plank walls, sheds, one or two-room cottages, tents, the standing remains of old barns. The ground is strewn with dirty paper, broken sticks, tin cans. Mangy and muddy cows wander among the outhouses, chickens run across the scattered sand, refuse fires burn in every corner of the lots. Men stand in front of the houses and smoke quietly, women in clean gingham call to one another across the street, children play with the piles of building material next to every door. A few brick churches and painted store fronts are the only spots of fresh color in a dirty, uncared-for neighborhood.

Tulsa does not believe the Negro can do much better. As far as we could learn it does not much care. It expresses no wish to oppress, no desire greatly to aid. It leaves it all to segregation.

McPherson and His Friends

In these hotels and boarding houses on the outskirts of Petrolia are platoons of men eager to "make an honest penny" by selling or leasing lands, the right of refusal, oil stocks, interests in wells, etc. . . . There are also congregated the agents of Eastern manufacturers who strive to push their fabrics as expensively as possible into the country. There, too, assemble daily the oil princes who have made their fortunes in the business, and have either retired or kept extending the circle of their operations, until their names appearing as managers of any new enterprise secure it all the pecuniary support required. The sight of a living, moving, talking *millionaire*—perhaps only a teamster three years ago—is too dazzling to most minds to be gazed upon without turning the head.—*Wright, The Oil Regions of Pennsylvania,* 1865.

The Tulsa Hotel, a great, square pile, is the center of the anxious, striving for gain in the oil regions; it is the gathering place of those men who carry on the speculative advance of the oil industry. Its lobby is an exchange and a club. It is vast and cavernous; old brown leather chairs and couches are scattered throughout its halls. At the foot of each there is a brass spittoon of the early congressional variety. On the marble staircase there was a placard announcing for the Shakespeare Club that Edward Howard Griggs would talk on The Poetry and Philosophy of Browning.

We were in search of an old-time wild-catter. When we went to look him up, the lobby, as always, had its busy groups of owners and dealers in leases, stock salesmen, managers in from the fields, wild-catters, owners of drill-rigs out of a job. In the midst of them we found him. He was small and red-haired. McPherson was his name. His father had lived among the Indians and had peddled oil, gathered in blankets from the surface pools, for medicinal uses. He had come West forty years ago, been wild-catting in every state, had made his small pile more than once, and lost it again. There was nothing unusual in that in the producing fields. "The oil fraternity is like a bunch of crap shooters, one day one fellow has the money, the next day the other fellow has it. There is no telling when your turn may come."

We questioned him about the undiscovered resources of the oil fields, asked him what he thought of the government estimates.

He waved them aside. "The oil is in the ground—all we will ever need of it. You don't see it; you don't see the grass until it comes above the ground! The oil's as certain as Jesus Christ and the livestock industry."

Would he try the same life over again if he could?

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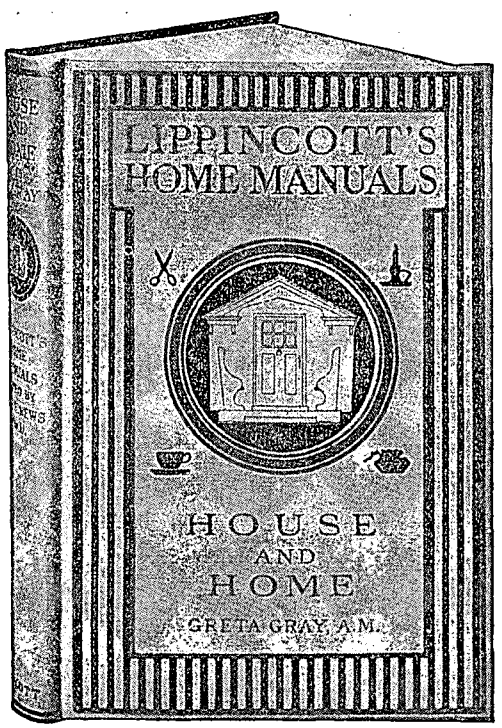

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"Every time. There's no greater life in the world if a man has nerve—and without it he has no place in the oil fields."

What kind of men he had known?

"The straightest in the world; there are no crooks in the production fields—out there a man's word is his money. The brokers who sell titles—there you have another story!"

Occasionally as we talked some friend would drift over to exchange greetings or impart some information. McPherson's welcome was a lazy wave of the hand and, "Hello, Sam, when you going down to make the million?"

"Tuesday morning. I've got 3,000 acres down by Spunk Lake."

"It's a fine location."

"You can't never get away from it. It's in there."

A large map was spread across their knees.

"What geologist you got?"

"Bon Williams. He knows more than anybody about that country."

"That's damn good country, Sam."

"Best in the world. I'm going to make five millions out of that."

"I believe you're going to get a well."

"Do you want in on this one section, Bill?"

Bill McPherson shook his head.

"I've got to wait until I get some money, Sam."

The owner of some drilling equipment joined the party.

"Hello, Bill. I've got a drilling machine I want to move over into a real country. Got anything I can move it on?"

Sam made some suggestions. McPherson commented: "I had that in mind one time and it cost me $37,000."

So it goes. Within a week all three would probably be out in the fields again. Now and then one of their clan discovers the pool they are all looking for. Then, if he has some sense, according to McPherson, he will sell out to some large company and leave the fields; if he doesn't his money will all disappear.

"What do the men do who finally make their fortunes?" we asked McPherson.

He did not find it easy to say. They were all about Tulsa—there's a fellow over there didn't find anything for fifteen years, first thing he struck he made a million, put $150,000 of it in Kansas City school bonds. Each does something different—some of them make a hobby of stocks and bonds, some of chicken farms, or motor boats, most of them spend it someway. Of the last alone he was sure.

Machines That Pigmy Men

One of the products of Heinrich and Sommer's refinery in Jersey City is *gasoline*—a liquid which bears about the same relation to benzine as the latter does to refined oil. . . . Gasoline is used in some establishments for the manufacture of common illuminating gas, which can be made from it more cheaply than from coal.—*Wright, Oil Regions of Pennsylvania,* 1865.

The oil refineries of Tulsa have become hardly less important in the life of the city than the oil fields; the production of each is measured in millions of barrels. These refineries are all clustered on the opposite shore of the Arkansas, a broad, sluggish river which is grey even under the morning sunlight. From the midway position of the one bridge which runs across, the industrial expanse ahead is on the scale that pygmies men. With a nearer view the grandeur of the scene departs; you are in the middle of a great workshop, a thousand buildings, railroad sidings lined with cars, shacks and heaps of scrap.

The plants of a dozen companies stand close together. We had permission to visit the largest, the Cosden plant. We stopped before it. The workmen were going by. As we

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watched them we had a feeling for which we scarcely had been prepared, that of clean-cut pride. It was not easy to understand and we groped for its meaning. As far as we could grasp it, it was that these men carried with them the suggestion of the qualities and abilities by which the best of American history has been made. They were young and mostly tall, with a touch of sandy-red about them. They were straight in body; their walk was careless but determined. We ventured some guesses about them—they were men who could handle any tool that was ever made; they might make machines, they would not tend them. They held themselves naturally to be the equal of any men in the world. They were such workmen as only a new land possesses.

The buildings and the tank-farms of the Cosden plant spread over many acres. Safety, for one thing, demands that they be widely separated from each other. Of the intricate work of a refinery the eye of itself can learn little, for all the important operations go on out of sight. In the long batteries of stills the vaporizing operations were going on, in the test houses the refined fluids were pouring into sight, in the miles of pipe-lines under and above the ground the products were moving to their proper destination, in the repair shops huge tubes were being relined and pumps and engines refitted. The eye caught scraps of the process only, the memory held the arrangement and bulk of the buildings, the long rows of the storage tanks. The workmen were scattered all over the plant; they work together in considerable numbers only in the repair shops and similar places. There are thirteen hundred in all, but they were lost among the machinery and the tanks. On the ground one gang was struggling with long tools and carriages to remove a great tube from a flat railroad truck.

One primary fact about a modern refinery is the tremendous capital equipment for every man employed. As the technique of refining has been improved, the plant has undergone a constant development, each step of which has meant more construction and machinery. The human job is mainly to watch and keep clear and to pull and haul until the equipment is in place, to keep it in repair, to be present, resourceful and strong in time of trouble. It is obvious why the representative unit in the refining industry has steadily increased in size.

The wages of the men ran from forty-five cents an hour for the unskilled men, to a dollar and twenty-five cents for the most skilled. All except a few of the men in charge, including the general manager, had come up through the ranks. The plant ran on a basis of three eight-hour shifts. It had never been organized, nor were any of the other refineries in the district. We tried to obtain the reasons for this on a later day, but without much success. The employment manager, who with great courtesy and patience took us around, did not talk on the subject. There had once been a union, the International Oil-field and Refining Workers, but it had never amounted to much in the mid-continent region and had gone to pieces. The United Mine Workers took it under their wing in the 1921 convention. The building trades men employed in the refineries were union men. For the rest, the management ran an open shop.

We left the Cosden plant and walked about West Tulsa. Here, it was evident, we had reached the edge of Tulsa's growth in one direction. It is unpaved and not even divided into city lots in many parts. The thin wooden shacks, standing at any angle to the ruts in the road, can be built almost over night with some cheap lumber. They were practically all one room. Muddy Fords stood everywhere. Here and there a cow was chained next a woodpile or old shed.

It is warm almost all the year in Tulsa. Oil refining

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has its ups and downs. Many of the workers expect to be on the move; they have lived in farm-houses, construction camps, bunk-houses out upon the ranches. These shacks, this Ragtown, is but a variation of their other homes. If the community continues to prosper and employment is steady, they are displaced in time by three or four-room bungalows. The streets are paved and sewerage is put in. Most western cities were once nothing but a collection of such shacks. If the community declines, they become grey, the boards begin to gape, the mud stays in the streets and the families who have no hope elsewhere try to make life pass within their walls.

Not all the workers in the refineries live in West Tulsa —perhaps only a small minority. The Cosden Company has some rows of bungalows for its more "important" workers; so have most of the other companies probably. This policy of providing houses has been making steady headway according to current account.

Petrolians at Play

That man should be superior to his accidents is, we are told, the fundamental principle of true democracy. On the whole, the Petrolians are superior to their surroundings or circumstances. It takes time, however, to study the good and less good points of character. The stranger who visits that country in quest of fortune or information, is apt to form erroneous conclusions respecting them, the first few days. At the principle gateways leading thither he is certain to encounter a class different from the great body of operators in the valleys. The former consist largely of hangers-on about hotels and boarding houses, who are in quest of victims; of roystering, blasphemous teamsters and boatmen; of disappointed fortune hunters preparing to go home. . . . It would be wrong, however, to judge the entire population by this ingredient. Having pierced the crust of mere adventurers, speculators, and peculators, bespattered men and dowdy women . . . he will discover intelligence, refinement, and even generosity . . . As a class the superintendents of the large companies are gentlemen of culture, who would adorn any society . . . and in point of kindness of heart and readiness to oblige, the engineers, drillers and others engaged about the works will compare favorably with any body of men I have ever seen.—*Wright, Oil Regions of Pennsylvania.*

No more than old Wright could we get to know the Petrolians in an hour, and had to content ourselves with what we could glean from watching their life go on, observing their dealings with each other, talking with the few we knew. We found a community at least as much alive to the decencies of existence as in any city on the eastern seaboard, a little more youthfully proud of possessing them, overwhelmingly, perhaps not very contentedly, engaged in practical tasks, lacking the tradition that makes a people members of an old, tired, thinking world, abounding in sharp intelligences which are put exclusively to everyday uses —a community still living in the future.

Perhaps everything we observed was forecast in a talk we had on the way down to Tulsa with a man who had been born there, traveled much, and now came back again occasionally. He was a concert manager on his way to arrange for a performance for Oyenaka, the new Metropolitan star. He had been telling us of the agricultural regions thereabout. We turned to his business.

"What sort of a town is Tulsa, musically?"

"Easily the best in the Southwest outside of El Paso." He expected to sell twenty thousand dollars for the coming star. The town was wealthy and there were many educated eastern people with as good musical judgment as in any city in the East—they wanted the best, the best of everything, in fact, that is what he had discovered in Tulsa.

We asked him about the city.

Tulsa, the concert manager's opinion went, was a good place to live in because it was liberal. What did that mean, liberal in what?

In personal judgments—people overlooked many things that are never forgotten in the East, forgave them; men are taken for what they were, not for what their fathers had been. That is one of the most reiterated judgments of the West upon the East.

Were there no social cliques in Tulsa?

Yes, of course there were, but you got into them by your own efforts, not because of your family standing—wealth, it is true, did make a great deal of difference. Each man had a chance to fight or bluff his way up. The standards to which you had to conform were less rigid, less exclusive, less demanding.

"In what other ways liberal—in thought, in religion, in social matters?"

In thought, perhaps, although almost everybody agreed except on politics. There was not much difference of opinion. In religion there was greater doubt—the Catholic Church was strong, the other faiths seemed to want the old fire and brimstone kind of religion, a minister was popular as long as he did not preach too much social service; the First Presbyterian Church was a good example, a magnificent building in which the sizzling of hell-fires never died down.

Was this the toleration, then, without which nothing liberal could exist?

The concert manager began to weaken. The Ku Klux Klan, negro riots—they were signs that some definite lines were established. There were certain folds in public opinion. But there remained a general liberality—a general good intention, a less conventional, perhaps less drastic social and moral code, fewer standards of taste to be learned, money freely spent and generously given, an easier place to live in.

We found little reason for correcting except in details this report of Tulsa life. There was the crust to be thrown aside, the abject, greedy respect for wealth of the menials of the town, and the ever-active and surrounding society of those who lived by their wits and their appeal to quick gain, the sellers of stock, purveyors of leases, shabby lawyers. There was even an element of the degraded and vicious and weak. But beyond that, surrounding it everywhere, we found friendliness, steadiness, pride of achievement, a humorous self-dependence, a great zest for ordinary things. Above all a great striving for the perfection of accepted American standards, to be won, it is true, by wealth rather than by intellectual achievement. The educational ambition of Tulsa—and it is very real—was only part of her zest for and claim to the best.

In the social atmosphere, along with the freshness and activity there were hints of deep antagonisms—the church, the Klan, the I. W. W., the foreigners.

Jew, Protestant and Catholic

It was a large lunch room near which men work that we came across an evidence of these antagonisms. We sat along the counter near the cash-desk. A man and girl were talking there. A recent attempt had been made to sell them the Dearborn Independent.

"They had a fine chance of getting a dollar from me—always trying to kick the Jews."

When the man was free again, we asked a few questions about the locality. He had not been there very long, had come from the East originally, been in business in the Middle West, had wanted to get away—they had not been married long and had put their money into this place.

"What kind of time are you having?" we ventured.

"Tough," the girl answered, then spoke to him in Yiddish.

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"Why?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Can't keep any help—the clean-up men are leaving now—and business has not been good."

"Much competition?"

He answered, "No, there's a small place around the corner, maybe you saw it—they've got *100% American* on the window." He looked at us; we told him our errand.

"They put that in after I came. I'm Jewish—they tried to take away my trade, told all the men not to come here, to boycott all the Jews and drive them out."

"Did they succeed?"

"At first. But we got most of them back. They know me. I try to be their friend. I treat them square; I went around among them at the start—played pool one night in one place, the next night at another, went to all the barber shops and movies, spent a little money among them, they got to know me. Now it's much better than it was." He seemed to feel he could keep his end up.

This restaurant keeper thought it was some local gang who were after him because he was a Jew. Reports had been spread as soon as he bought the place. He believed they were in the Klan.

Everyone admitted that the Ku Klux Klan was strongly organized. It had taken a hand in the primary campaign against the present governor and had staged a parade. It was involved in many events in other cities. It was rumored to be putting up a building under a noncommittal name. There was much talk about a Catholic-Protestant split in the city which, according to account, had invaded even the Republican National Committee in the state and had prevented a Little Theater movement from securing the use of the high-school building. Most of this was only the driftwood of report, yet never contradicted.

The White Lights of Tulsa

We had heard occasional whispers that Tulsa was "fast." If it is it keeps it very quiet. Outside of the ever-beckoning cafeterias (among which the Y. W. C. A. cafeteria is much favored) and one-arm lunch rooms, it was difficult to find a place to eat at night. The atmosphere even of the Café Lafayette, which is the most expensive place in town, was sluggish and matter-of-fact. It was evident that people were dining there not for pleasure or excitement, but because they had no other place to go. The home-kitchen still holds its supremacy in the West.

No, certainly the casual eye could not detect the flame of gaiety leaping high at night. There was only the empty and pathetic blaze of electric lights along cheap streets, the lure of sensational movies, crowded pool parlors and drug stores where perhaps liquor could sometimes be procured, the restless movement of young men who wanted some kind of excitement but did not know just how to find it. For these the Y. M. C. A. and other civic and religious bodies were trying hard and constantly to provide. The stir along the streets was merely that of unoccupied, unquiet youth, not that of joyous wantonness. Tulsa has only its sins to wrestle with. This, you may be sure, it is doing with all its might and main.

The movies were chiefly dramas of the cowboy country; the only two theaters in town were showing a burlesque and a minstrel show.

As we left we did not know whether to be proud or downcast over Tulsa—over "what a lot of Americans, left pretty much to themselves, had done." So much had been done, so many of the other things, the harder things, perhaps, remained to be done. Perhaps it is only an outworn habit of mind to expect them. But the human spirit is permanent, and this human spirit was fundamentally good.

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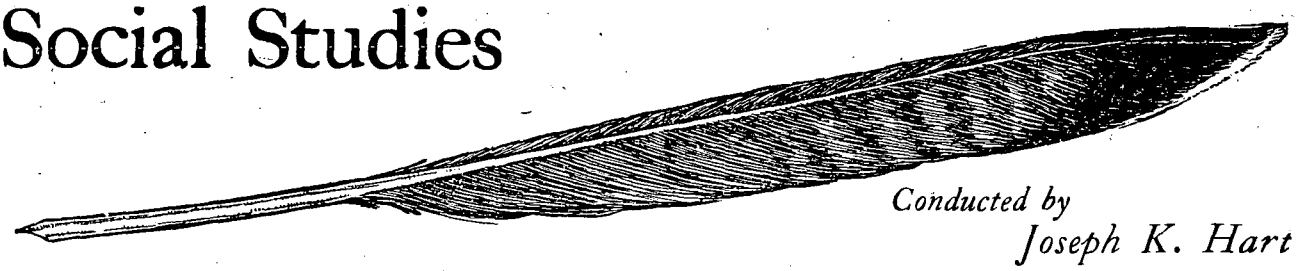

Conducted by
Joseph K. Hart

Growth by Division

THE obvious dominates our assumptions and dulls our imaginations. We see houses "grow" brick by brick, board by board; we see railroads "grow" tie by tie, rail by rail; we see automobiles assembled in "parts." We assume, commonly, that growth is always a matter of addition: brick by brick, tie by tie, part added to part. We even think of education as developing in this same way, fact by fact: "Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little!"

BUT growth by addition is the law of inanimate things: houses, railroads, automobiles grow by addition, and these are *all* inanimate things. Anything that grows by addition is a dead thing. An education that grows by addition is a dead education. A church that grows by addition, that lives upon statistics, is most likely a dead church. That's one thing that is wrong with so much of our education and religion, today: they both attempt to grow by the addition of atoms!

LIVING things, on the other hand, grow not by addition, but by division. The whole of any living thing precedes the appearance of any of its parts. With living things the whole is never equal to the sum of its parts: it is always something more than the sum of its parts—something so indescribably more that any mere putting together of the parts becomes the veriest caricature of the whole. In mathematics,—that is, in dealing with dead things,—the whole may be equal to the sum of the parts; but in dealing with organic things that mathematical principle has no application.

No organism grows by adding cell to cell: all organisms grow by the division of existent cells. In the organic world, the whole always precedes the parts: the whole produces the parts! With living things growth is always a matter of division!

ALL these distinctions hold true in their application to our human relationships. The whole precedes the part: the group precedes the individual. Of course, the orthodox story of the origin of the race begins with the creation of individuals: one individual, another, the organization of groups, especially families, and the addition of other individuals, the development of tribes, nations, the populating of the globe, all by processes of addition. This is the story told by practically all peoples. And from all these peoples it comes to us with religious sanctions that make most of us hesitate to criticise it or to doubt it. But this orthodox story is not consistent in all respects either with the historic evidences or with psychology.

The fact seems to be that the human race started, not with an individual, but with something like an unorganized horde. Out of this horde, tribes gradually emerged—by division; out of the tribes, families or clans; and out of this horde-tribe-family development and education, the small family that we know today and the individual have emerged. The individual is not, therefore, the originator of the human race: he is the final product, the long-desired goal of creation! The race has not grown to its present condition by processes of addition: it has come to be what it is by processes of division!

IT is true that under dramatic circumstances, in times of group crisis, some individual usually emerges, comprehending within himself, more or less effectively, the hopes and aspirations of the group in the presence of the crisis: he takes hold on the imagination of the group, organizes the energies of the group, and assumes the leadership of the group. It is not, therefore, remarkable that the group should come to feel that without such leaders it is nothing; that its real story is the story of such leaders; and that its origin was out of the work and the life of such a leader. The leader, himself, has rarely, if ever, seen fit to deny the popular assumption: usually, he has helped it along. In some such way as this, the story of the race has been reversed; history and psychology have been turned topsy-turvy, and the human pyramid has been turned over upon its apex! Few dominant leaders of the race have been content with the facts about themselves!

Not only so, but this exaggeration of the dominant individual has been accepted, until very lately, by the makers of legends and the writers of history. Man has been on the earth for some scores of thousands of years, at least. Yet "history" goes back not more than a half-score thousand years. For all those preceding thousands of years, we have reason to believe group life dominated all development, subordinating all tendencies in the direction of division, holding the groups intact.

But within the last few thousands of years, experience has cumulated to the place where the individual has been able to separate from the group and emerge. We have had periods of "individualism"—the half-formed individual cutting himself off and calling himself full-formed! Most of our history has been written by such individualists. Most of our psychology has been vitiated by the same half-understanding. Historians and psychologists, alike, have been awed by this emergence of the individual, and both have written: "The individual is the only thing that counts!"

They have assumed, somehow, that individuals are self-derivative. They have assumed that the "mass" is a weight about the neck of the individual. They have assumed that a world made up of individuals would be a better world than the one we have.

AS long as we assume that individuals are *added to the race* we shall see everything upside down. If ever we shall be able to see that any individual, great or small, is the product of the race and comes into existence as an individual by division from the race, and that the roots of his life, like the roots of the tree in the soil of the forest, are in the soil of the race, we shall be able to deal more intelligently and, therefore, more effectively with the problems of our social order, especially with the problem of the relationships of the individual and the group!

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Our Social Institutions

A Course for High Schools

(In this column, throughout the school year, will appear a series of studies for social science classes in high schools. The studies will consider the nature and function of our various social institutions, and will direct the minds of the students to a study of their own communities.—THE EDITOR.)

II. Stability and Change

In general through history two types of people have attracted attention—the conservatives and the radicals. The conservatives have wanted a stable society and they have said, "We'd better let well enough alone!" The radicals have wanted to change society and they have said, "Change can't make matters any worse than they are." The "masses" have not been much interested in this argument, but by their inertia they have counted on the side of conservatism. Progress has been the result of the struggle between stagnation and change.

1. What Is Progress

Is the word progress an acceptable word in our American communities, or is it regarded as a somewhat dangerous word? Is it used by all sorts of people, or only by a few? Do conservatives use the word? What do they mean by it? Can there be such a thing as conservative progress? What would that mean? Is there such a thing as radical progress? Do radicals like the word progress? Is there any other word they prefer?

2. The Service of Radicals to Progress

If progress means change, how is change brought about? Do men change conditions? Do conditions ever change without the help or intention of men? Can individuals bring about changes in social conditions? How can they do this? Can changes be planned in advance? Can you give illustrations of this? Are all changes planned in advance? What happens when change comes unexpectedly? Can you find examples of unexpected changes? Are all changes desirable? Are radicals always right? Do radicals ever need criticism?

3. The Service of Conservatives to Progress

If all changes are not desirable, how shall the desirable ones be discovered and selected? If change is good, is the whole past wrong? In any period of change can men learn anything from the past? Should they learn anything from the past? Should they learn everything from the past? Should the past learn anything from the present? Should the conservative learn anything from the radical? What should the conservative do with suggestions of change?

4. Stability in the Midst of Change?

Can the coming of change ever be foreseen? Can change ever be definitely desired and planned for? Can such change be controlled? If change is foreseen and controlled does that bring progress? Does such controlled change bring destruction and chaos? If we block all progress, what will be the eventual outcome? If we welcome all change without control or criticism what will be the outcome? Can our institutions be changed: the school, the church, government, industry? Can they be intelligently changed? What changes are taking place in them? Are these changes intelligent, or are they accidental?

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Questions on Current Issues

Outworn Creeds Still Used

Little girls often prefer worn-out rag dolls to new and shiny ones brought from the store. Grown-ups usually show the same sort of preference in the matter of their creeds. This is not evidence of perversity of nature. The little child who prefers the rag doll to the new china substitute is not perverse: she is merely caught in the grip of habit. Of course, if the new doll can speak, she is likely to discard the rag and take up with the new. Habit can be overcome—in children. Of course, if the new creed should be able to speak—to thunder from some altar or some mountain, even an adult can be shaken into the activity necessary to the reconstruction of the mind. But this is rare. Mostly we examine the new creed, and stick to the old. This is not perversity, however: it is the inertia of the ages of habit. It is easier to drift than it is to control and direct our own careers. We drifted into war; we have drifted through the war; we are still on the broad highways of drift!

1. The Creed of Ignorance

Once people said: "You'd better not try to know too much!" Is this doctrine still held anywhere? Is knowledge dangerous? Why have people feared knowledge? The Greeks dramatized this sense of the danger of knowledge in the legend of Prometheus. What is the meaning of the old statement, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing"? Does the modern world still believe in the theory of avenging gods who will punish men for being too ambitious or too eager? What are the advantages of ignorance: to the individual? to the community?

2. The Creed of Intolerance

Once the authorities said: "We'll punish you if you know too much, or if you differ too greatly from the accepted standards of the group!" Do the authorities still hold this creed anywhere? Why do they take this attitude? Is this attitude moral or immoral? Should the individual so threatened submit or should he rebel and defy the authorities? Are institutions ever intolerant? Is industry ever intolerant of change or criticism? Is the school? Is the church? Is government? Is the home? What were the typical forms of punishment in the old intolerant times? What are the forms of punishment today? Is intolerance ever a virtue? How wide spread is it, today? What special forms does it take? How do its practitioners justify it?

3. The Creed of Violence

Some intolerant groups have given their victims the choice between recantation and death. Others have not been so merciful. What is the justification of the doctrine of violence today? How is war justified? Lynching? Flogging? Do the devotees of these pursuits have a doctrine that clears their consciences, or have they no consciences in these matters? Have the opponents of these practices real substitute programs, or have they nothing but emotions about the matter? What is the moral value of violence to the one participating in it? Does the fighting purge the soldier of murder? Does the activity cleanse the conscience of the lyncher and the flogger? What is the psychology of this cleansing? Is there any conflict between the psychology and the ethics of these situations? Is violence still necessary in human affairs? If it is necessary, is it moral?

References:

pp. 5, 13, 19, 25, 29, 40.

The books mentioned on this page may be obtained through The Survey Book Department.

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THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF HOSPITAL SOCIAL WORKERS—Miss M. A. Cannon, president, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City; Miss Lena R. Waters, executive secretary, The Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md. Organization to promote development of social work in hospitals and dispensaries. Annual meeting with National Conference of Social Work.

AMERICAN CHILD HEALTH ASSOCIATION (formerly American Child Hygiene Association and Child Health Organization of America)—Headquarters, 532 17th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; Administrative Offices, 370 7th Ave., New York. Herbert Hoover, pres.; L. Emmett Holt, M.D.; Livingston Farrand, M.D.; Thomas D. Wood, M.D.; 1st, 2nd, 3rd vice-presidents, respectively; Corcoran Thom, treas.; Philip Van Ingen, M.D., sec'y. To promote health among children from conception to maturity—this to be accomplished through cooperation with parents, doctors, nurses, teachers, and other health workers; by dissemination of scientific information and teaching methods in schools, through conferences, addresses, pamphlets, publicity material, and a monthly magazine, "Mother and Child." First Annual Convention, Detroit, October 15-16-17.

AMERICAN COUNTRY LIFE ASSOCIATION—K. L. Butterfield, president; Henry Israel, executive secretary. Room 1849, Grand Central Terminal Bldg., New York City. Emphasizes the human aspect of country life. Annual membership $3.00 includes "The Country Life Bulletin."

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AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER—Frank J. Osborne, exec. sec'y; 370 Seventh Ave. New York. To disseminate knowledge concerning symptoms, diagnosis, treatment and prevention. Publication free on request. Annual membership dues, $5.00.

AMERICAN SOCIAL HYGIENE ASSOCIATION—370 Seventh Ave., New York. To promote a better understanding of the social hygiene movement; to advance sound sex education; to combat prostitution and sex delinquency; to aid public authorities in the campaign against the venereal diseases; to advise in organization of state and local social-hygiene programs. Annual membership dues $2.00 including monthly journal.

THE CHILD WELFARE LEAGUE OF AMERICA—C .C. Carstens, director. 130 E. 22d Street, New York City. A League of children's agencies to secure improved standards and methods in their various fields of work. It also cooperates with other children's agencies, cities, states, churches and other groups to work out worth-while results in phases of child welfare in which they are interested.

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Commission on the Church and Social Service—Rev. Worth M. Tippy, exec. sec'y; Rev. F. Ernest Johnson, research, sec'y; Agnes H. Campbell, research ass't; Inez M. Cavert, librarian.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE—Trains Negro and Indian youth for community service. Advanced courses: agriculture, builders, business, home-economics, normal. Publishes "Southern Workman" and free material on Negro problems. J. E. Gregg, principal.

INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS—First appointed 1854, located New York City 1866, incorporated 1883. Headquarters office, 347 Madison Ave., New York City, N. Y. Tel. Vanderbilt 1200. Branch offices, Chicago, Atlanta, Denver. Chairman, James M. Speers; Treasurer, B. H. Fancher; General Sec'y, John R. Mott. The Committee maintains a staff of executive and traveling secretaries for service in the interests of the Young Men's Christian Associations at home and abroad.

JOINT COMMITTEE ON METHODS OF PREVENTING DELINQUENCY—Graham Romeyn Taylor, executive director, 50 East 42d Street, New York. To promote the adoption of sound methods in this field, with particular reference to psychiatric clinics, visiting teacher work, and training for these and similar services; to conduct related studies, education and publication; and to interpret the work of the Commonwealth Fund Program for the Prevention of Delinquency.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF LEGAL AID ORGANIZATIONS—Officers: President, Albert F. Bigelow, 111 Devonshire Street, Boston; Secretary, John S. Bradway, 133 South 12th St., Philadelphia; Chairman of Executive Committee, Leonard McGee, 239 Broadway, New York. This organization was formed in 1912 as a national association of all legal aid societies and bureaus in the United States to develop and extend legal aid work. Copies of Proceedings at convention in December 1922, including report on relation between social service and legal aid, may be had on request.

NATIONAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG WOMENS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS—Mrs. Robert E. Speer, president; Miss Mabel Cratty, general secretary, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City. This organization maintains a staff of executive and traveling secretaries to cover work in the United States in 1,152 local Y. W. C. A.'s on behalf of the industrial, business, student, foreign born, Indian, Colored and younger girls. It has 174 American secretaries at work in 55 centers in the Orient, Latin America and Europe. The National Board also maintains a National Training School of graduate type at 135 East 52nd Street, New York City, for the professional training of its leadership. The training is given in two parts. The preliminary course consists of six weeks of lecture work (generally given in the summer session) and nine months practical experience on salary under supervision. The advanced course requires a full year of resident academic study, upon the successful completion of which a professional certificate is granted. Special emphasis is placed upon training in group work.

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National Catholic Service School for Women, 2400 Nineteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE—Owen R. Lovejoy, sec'y: 1 East 104th Street, New York. Industrial, agricultural investigations: Works for improved laws and administration: children's codes. Studies health, schools, recreation, dependency, delinquency, etc. Annual membership, $2, $5, $10, $25 and $100; includes monthly bulletin, "The American Child."

NATIONAL CHILD WELFARE ASSOCIATION, INC.—Chas. F. Powlison, gen. sec'y; 70 Fifth Ave., New York. Originates and publishes exhibit material which visualizes the principles and conditions affecting the health, well being and education of children. Cooperates with educators, public health agencies, and all child welfare groups in community, city or state-wide service through exhibits, child welfare campaigns, etc.

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR MENTAL HYGIENE—Dr. Walter B. James, pres.; Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, med. dir.; Dr. Clarence J. D'Alton, executive assistant; Clifford W. Beers, sec'y; 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Pamphlets on mental hygiene, nervous and mental disorders, feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, inebriety, criminology, psychiatric social service, backward children, surveys, state societies. "Mental Hygiene," quarterly, $2.00 a year; "Mental Hygiene Bulletin," monthly, $ .25 a year.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK—Grace Abbott, president, Washington, D. C.; W. H. Parker, secretary, 25 East Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. The Conference is an organization to discuss the principles of humanitarian effort and to increase the efficiency of social service agencies. Each year it holds an annual meeting, publishes in permanent form the Proceedings of the meeting, and issues a quarterly Bulletin. The fifty-first annual meeting of the Conference will be held in Toronto, Canada. Proceedings are sent free of charge to all members upon payment of a membership fee of five dollars.

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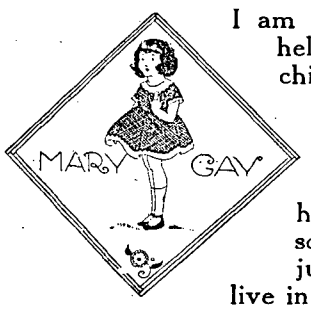

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(*Continued from page* 28)

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THE HUMANIZING OF KNOWLEDGE

(*Continued from page* 43)

the apprehension of some defender of the social and moral order, some professional patriot or some adherent of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. The politicians in the Kentucky and other legislatures think themselves competent to decide whether the state should grant funds to any institution in which man's animal extraction is taught; the politicians in the New York legislature provided that no one should teach in the schools of the state who was known at any time to have expressed any distrust of our institutions.

Now nothing could be more diametrically opposed to the cultivation of a scientific frame of mind. Education ought to be largely devoted to the issues upon which the young as they grow up should be in a position to form an intelligent opinion. They should understand that scientific advance has greatly altered, and promises still to alter, our environment and our notions of ourselves and possibly the expediency of existing moral, social and industrial standards.

We should have a dynamic education to fit a dynamic world. The world should not be presented to students as happily standardized but as urgently demanding readjustment. How are they to be more intelligent than their predecessors if they are trained to an utterly unscientific confidence in ancient notions, let us say of religion, race, heredity and sex, now being fundamentally revised.[4]

[4] One who wishes to study this matter is referred to Veblen, The Higher Learning in America, a profound analysis of the deep-lying deficiencies of our system, full of somewhat esoteric humor: Upton Sinclair, The Goose-step, in which a wealth of material is collected which will startle and perhaps vex those who have never considered the half-unconscious coalescence of forces directed against the full modernization of our education. Some statements and some inferences in this book appear to me hazardous, and I wonder if Mr Sinclair does not occasionally discover subtle demons of economic greed where there are only panicky and ignorant college presidents and trustees. See also Ludwig Lewisohn, Up Stream, and Samuel Butler's marvelous satire on higher education in Erewhom, chaps. xxi-xxii. For the larger setting see Chaffee, Freedom of Speech, and Lippmann, Public Opinion.

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NATIONAL SAFETY CONGRESS: Buffalo, October 1-5. Managing Director, W. H. Cameron, National Safety Council, 168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

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BOSTON HEALTH SHOW: Boston, October 6-13. Commissioner of Health, Dr. Francis X. Mahoney, Boston.

ANNUAL MEETING OF AMERICAN PUBLIC HEALTH ASSOCIATION: Boston, October 8-11. Secretary, Homer N. Calver, 370 Seventh Ave., New York.

RECREATION CONGRESS: Springfield, Ill., October 8-12. Secretary, T. E. Rivers, Playground and Recreation Assn. of America, 315 Fourth Ave., New York.

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MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CONFERENCE OF TUBERCULOSIS: Hotel McCurdy, Evansville, October 8-10. Secretary, Robert G. Paterson, Ohio Public Health Association, 83 South 4th Street, Columbus, Ohio.

MISSOURI STATE NURSES ASSOCIATION: Springfield, October 9-10. Secretary, Emma H. Bechtel, Burge Deaconess Hospital, Springfield.

VERMONT CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK: Bennington, October 10-11. Secretary, Helen Alden, Vergennes.

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YOUNG MEN'S AND YOUNG WOMEN'S HEBREW ASSOCIATION: Atlantic City, October 12-14. Secretary Mr. E. J. London, Box 198, Newark.

FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION OF AMERICAN CHILD HEALTH ASSOCIATION: Detroit, October 15-17. Secretary, Ella P. Crandall, 370 Seventh Ave., New York.

UTAH PUBLIC HEALTH ASSOCIATION: Salt Lake City, October 15. Executive Secretary, James H. Wallis, 302-304 State Capitol, Salt Lake City.

ARKANSAS TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION: Little Rock, October 15-16. Secretary, Miss Erle Chambers, 201 Donaghey Building, Little Rock.

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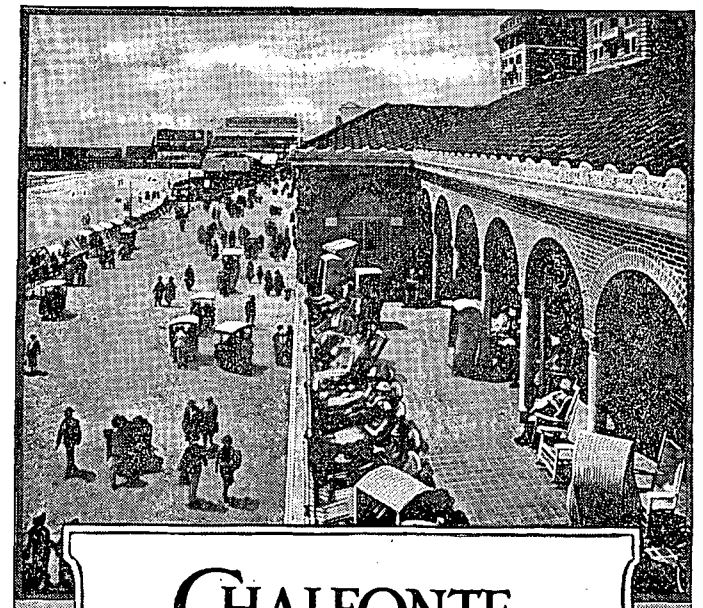

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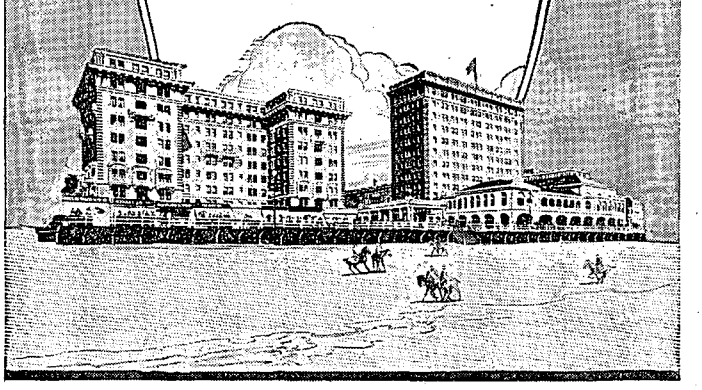

UNDER THE BLACK SHIRT

(*Continued from page 17*)

terial enslavement of the masses on the Italian peninsula. If you are looking for ignorance, squalor and poverty, even in the north of Italy, you will have no difficulty finding them. But if poverty is still appalling, and if ignorance flourishes like weeds, the quiet acceptance of poverty and ignorance is no longer the rule. The Italian will is stirred. Talk to any young business man of the modern type, talk to professors or journalists, talk to the shoemaker, and you get an impression of energy. The war has not seemed to make the Italian in the least international. Perhaps no big nation is so frankly selfish as the Italian. But the egoism of this people is no bitter or hard imperial egoism. It is rather the blithe egoism of youth.

As the manufacturers and merchants see it, this is to be achieved by supporting the Fascist party through thick and thin. To the industrial Italian there is usually no problem of human values in politics, or religion for that matter. To him Mussolini stands for enlightened selfishness, and there's an end of it. If the Fascisti are not constitutional, so much the worse for the constitution. As one brisk "go-getter" put it to us, "You can't have a constitution in this community of fools!"

It is hardly wise, however, to interpret in American terms this impatience with democratic forms of government. Such impatience arises, in the first place, from the Italian's conception of his community as largely composed of illiterates. The illiteracy of Italy is still high. Impatience, in the second place, springs from the knowledge that party politics in Italy have been unusually cynical and corrupt. It springs, finally, from the business man's general belief that the business man's interests are paramount.

This is not real vision, but the facts encourage such arrogance. It is not merely that a group of voters may say to you, "Norway, Sweden and Denmark—we never heard of them, are they in Europe?" It is not merely that the casting-out of devils is still an active occupation of certain gifted priests. It is not merely that the marketplace of a big town like Pistoia is crowded with the mountebanks and hucksters, as well as the scallywags and delightful ballad-singers, of the midde ages. Signs of mediocre intelligence or neglected intelligence could be found in any community. The really depressing and significant political fact in Italy is precisely that failure of the socialists out of which Mussolini has made such capital. And is not the success of Mussolini's showy methods in itself a rather disturbing fact?

But this success is not to be swallowed whole. The shoemaker smiles when you remark with a sigh that a new feast day has been ordained. "Isn't it stupid to celebrate the day we entered the war?" he observes, "and a war that brought nothing but hardship to the victors. Why don't they celebrate the day we stopped the war?" Mussolini made a crude effort to smash the labor celebrations of the First of May by naming a new holiday a week previous to it, to combine the festival of labor with a festival of Romulus and Remus. This deceived no one and caused considerable jocularity. It was with malicious pleasure that thousands of Italians saw that the day was wet.

The more thoughtful liberals in Italy are not judging the Premier either by his methods, which they detest, or his window-dressing, which they despise. They are judging him by his attitude toward education, his attitude toward trade unionism, toward foreign affairs, and toward the innumerable instances of Fascist tyranny and indiscipline. They believe that at heart this man is constructive on semi-socialist lines, they believe he will use capitalism to build up the state rather than bend the state to capitalism.

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What is Your Mark?

IF you have ever laughed over that delightfully whimsical story of Frank Stockton's—"Rudder Grange"—you will remember the tramp who climbed the apple-tree to get away from Lord Edward, the ferocious watch dog.

The man of the house, you recall, came to see what the trouble was all about and the tramp promised "if you'll chain up that dog, and let me go, I'll fix things so that you'll not be troubled no more by no tramps." It was a bargain. The next day a curious mark was discovered cut in a tree at the end of the lane. No tramps appeared that summer—to the great wonderment of the household.

Weeks later the man noticed another tramp looking at the mark on the tree. He bribed the hobo to tell him what it meant. And he learned that he had been branded as "a mean, stingy cuss, with a wicked dog" and it was "no good to go there."

* * * *

Every shop, every factory, every business has its mark—so that those who know the signs may read. It is the mark given it by its employees. Be sure of this: there is no way to escape the mark that is deserved—whether good or bad.

You have known factories where every employee hated his work—where constant sullen bitterness and strife were the order of the day—where Jim told Bill, "don't work down at X's place unless you are starving." A *black* mark was the symbol of such a place.

And you have known other factories and businesses where the employees were contented, where everything ran smoothly, where strikes were unknown, where it was a pleasure to work. A *white* mark for such a place.

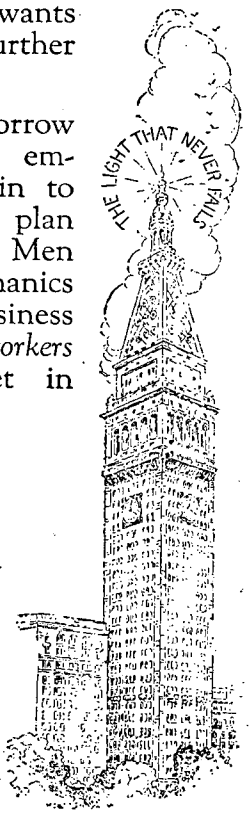
What makes the difference between the two? What gives one a bad mark and another a good mark? The difference is in the business vision and the human kindness of the men at the helm.

* * * *

Business today is undergoing a great change. In this new-day business outlook wise employers do not grind work out of their helpers as though they were machines. A new art has entered business—the art of coöperation.

The employer knows that every single one of his employees has four sides—physical, mental, social and financial. He provides better working conditions. He enables them to earn enough to live decently. He helps them to save. He enlists their intelligence as well as their skill. He knows that they need recreation. He sees that these wants are met and he goes still further by insuring their lives.

It is the dawn of a new tomorrow in business—the day when employers and employees begin to understand each other and plan together for mutual good. Men at last are learning that Humanics plays as great a part in business as Mechanics and that *happy workers* are the big concealed asset in many a business enterprise.



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One phase of this new concept of business is the importance assumed by Group Insurance. It is life insurance at wholesale rates carried by an employer under one policy covering his employees.

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Our Policyholders' Service Bureau has prepared reports covering many of the present day business problems—factory management, safety devices, stock purchasing and profit-sharing plans, housing, sanitation, factory routing, etc. Valuable information of this kind is at your disposal and will be mailed on request.

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and they do not rage against him since in his brusque denials of liberty they see a form of practicality rather than a form of prejudice or passion.

The liberals, in any case, are at a great disadvantage. Three thousand Fascisti were killed before the Fascisti got control. This took place under the liberal regime, and Mussolini's critics are forced to admit that Communist violence preceded and even bred Fascist violence. This weakens their traditional appeal to liberal principles.

The Communists are in different case. It is part of Italian humor to say that the Communisti have poured into the Fascist movement by thousands. In point of fact, many of the submerged Communists have a feeling of vendetta. For one thing, they have a vivid memory of their persecution. Let me quote one gallant young Fascista who laughed as he recited this tale. "We took our local Communist leader into a house, we shaved his head completely, we painted his skull green and white and red, we made him drink half a pint of castor oil with flies in it, and then we paraded him through the town!" On asking him if he really believed in patriotism by compulsion, he answered that this Communist was in the pay of Moscow anyway. The number of people who were in the pay of Moscow, or in the pay of the French, would by itself account for most of the paper money now in existence.

The Communisti, unceasingly terrorized, have not thereby ceased to exist. I shall long remember the restrained passion of one ex-soldier, a custodian in a museum, who, in a dark corner of a renaissance palace, spoke of the vile poverty and exploitation of the bigger Italian towns. He had in mind the sweating system, the tenements, the long hours and the miserable cold of unheated houses in the bitter winter. What unnumbered generations of the common people of Italy have endured from selfish masters and selfish politicians he had foremost in his mind. The filth of Italian poverty in the towns, the crowding, the horror of incest and of mental and moral disease—these moved him so deeply that he could hardly speak of the Fascisti. Their bright chatter about a greater Italy seemed to him as sinister in effect as any scoundrelly patriotism has ever seemed.

And he was not going by the poverty which swims on the surface in the guise of the Italian beggar. Beggars in Italy are trained professionals, skilled in portraying misery and in exciting the foreigner. He was going by the working people. Low wages, long hours, stunted growth, meager education, warped lives—these proved to him not the incapacity of the ruling class to rule.

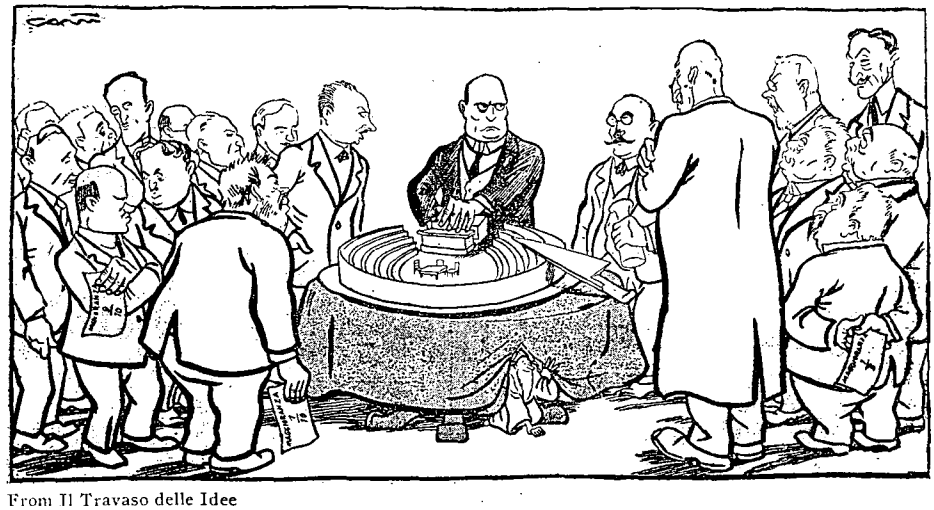
Certainly a fundamental criticism of Italian life in the past has been the immense exodus of Italian workers. No country is better loved, no country more readily deserted. And today, under the dictatorship, the common people of Italy talk with yearning of the chance of getting to America.

One reason for the lowly condition of the worker, curiously enough, is the cheapness of living. In a country where bread is made artificially cheap, where a liter of pure olive oil costs only twenty cents, where a liter of good red wine costs no more, where thirty-five cents will buy today six eggs, a pound of fresh green peas, and a pound of cherries, half a dozen oranges and a couple of heads of lettuce besides—in such a country the employer hates to pay as much as ten cents an hour. When he himself goes to a restaurant he expects a first-rate beefsteak dinner for sixty or seventy cents, wine and tips included. But he believes that a flour and vegetable diet is good enough for the worker, and he stresses the ignorance of the worker if a higher standard is raised.

At the same time, the Italian employer admits that his country is entering upon the era of the machine. He has the briskness and confidence which go with this active and irresistible process of the Americanizing of Europe. What he does not face squarely is the hard and unselfish work that lies before Italy if the national level of education and well-being is to be lifted even to the northern level.

A showy political policy, an ambitious and noisy nationalism, are far more attractive to his dramatic soul. And this Mussolini has favored, in spite of his real desire to cleanse and fortify the state. One must remember, however, that the Italian is a man of swift intelligence rather new in the modern political and democratic scheme. There is in him something buoyant, something spirited and gay, which makes him see his interest in a wide as well as an immediate vision. It is not certain that out of the very ardor and narrowness of Fascismo there may not come a real development. There are many Fascisti, of course, who would be quite content to see Italy the home of busy boosters. There are many more who dream that it can reach the new Jerusalem by some sort of air line. But out of the experience of the war, the upheaval of Europe, the eruption of the submerged, Italy has acquired rather more than a policy of permanent repressions. It has abandoned the lax politics of the past. It has started toward integration. It values Mussolini partly because he is plausible and picturesque, but much more because he speaks in terms of work, of accomplishment, of discipline. To that respond both the money-making Italy and the Italy that has given the world so many saints and artists, so many builders and technicians and engineers.

Will it be easy for the creator of Fascism to repudiate Fascism? Granted that he has smashed a political machine that handicapped Italy for years and has at the same time taken Italy away from a communist experiment, has he not been compelled to destroy political method and create an old-fashioned dictatorship? How can he climb down when he has kicked the constitutional ladder away? In the tragic past the dictator went on to assassination. The Italians seem to hope that parliamentary method will in some calm way overtake the good Mussolini and give him a sound constitutional eminence. This may happen, but the precedents are few.



From Il Travaso delle Idee

Mussolini (presenting the electoral cake)
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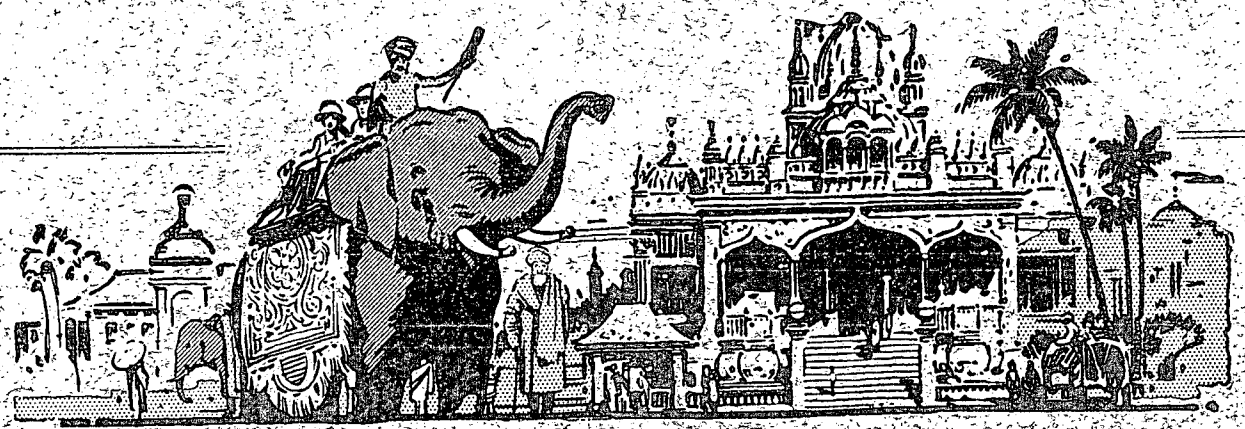

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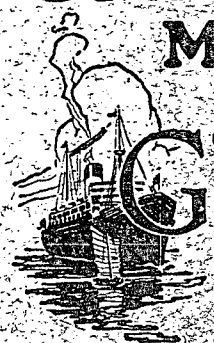

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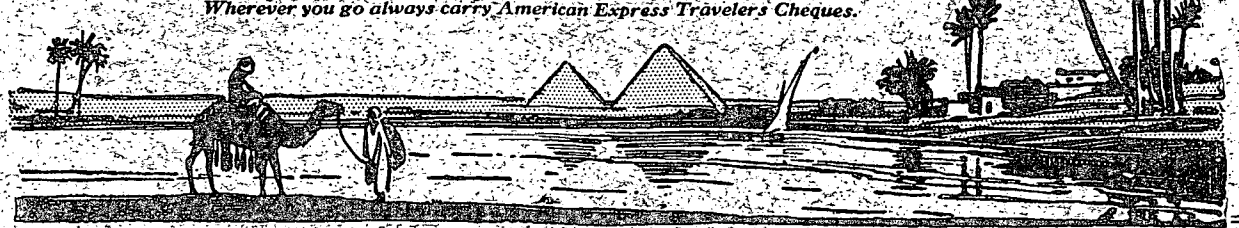

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